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The Week

INTERNATIONAL tension regarding the civil war in Spain sharpened during the week ending October 27. The U.S.S.R. formally announced it would consider itself bound by the neutrality agreement only to the extent that this agreement is being observed by other powers. The British government, which has closed its eyes to repeated gross violations of the neutrality pact by Italy, Germany and Portugal, immediately made a public protest that several shipments of munitions from the U.S.S.R. had already been sent to Spain by sea. Portugal broke diplomatic relations with Madrid and it was reported that a Spanish warship had been sunk, and the crew of forty drowned, by a Portuguese vessel. The rebel military forces moved somewhat closer to Madrid and announced again, for the fifth or sixth time, that the fall of the capital was imminent. . . . Germany and Italy revealed the fact that they have made a general alliance. Its terms are discussed elsewhere in this issue. . . . Riots by Fascists in Belgium, who are said to be closely tied to the German Nazis, resulted in the arrest of their leader, Leon Degrelle. . . . The probability of war betwen Japan and China seemed to increase as Chinese resistance to the prospective loss of the five northern provinces stiffened. . . . Canada and Germany completed a trade agreement on the usual barter basis. . . . The British, fearful that their rearmament program may lag, were reported to be placing huge orders for airplanes in the United States. . . . Mrs. Ernest Simpson received the most publicized divorce of the century, as persistent reports filled the press that she will be married to King Edward VIII shortly after the coronation.

THE bitterest election campaign in a generation entered its final week with seas of oratory and mountains of statistics poured forth from both sides. Governor Landon discussed foreign policy, denouncing the League, the World Court, "any unconditional pledge against war" and Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to "apply sanctions" against Italy in the Ethiopian affair. . . . The G.O.P. coöperated with reactionary employers in an attempt to misrepresent payroll deductions under the social-security law. . . . A strike of maritime unions along the Pacific Coast was scheduled for October 28, as a result of the efforts of the employers to destroy the gains made in the strike of 1934. . . . The steel companies, perhaps not impartial witnesses, declared that the drive for union organization under the C.I.O. has been a failure. There were no important developments in the effort to make peace between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. . . . The progressive group in the Senate lost a valuable member in the death of Senator Couzens of Michigan. . . . As the Supreme Court announced it will pass on the Wagner Labor Relations Act at this session, Walter Wilbur, trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board, upheld the American Newspaper Guild in the Associated Press case. Mr. Wilbur ruled that the Guild is the exclusive collective-bargaining agency for editorial employees of the A.P. This decision will undoubtedly be appealed.

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AS THE Spanish rebels continued their advance on Madrid, the debate about intervention went on in London. The Russians, accused by the British representative of having themselves violated neutrality, seemed to be less insistent on immediate action or withdrawal from the agreement. Portugal answered the accusations of partiality, as it was certain she would do, with a long and indignant denial making counter-charges of Soviet interference. The fascist powers meanwhile agreed to recognize General Franco's government as soon as he captured Madrid, and not to consent to any partition of Spain or countenance an independent Catalonian republic. All this news is about as bad as it could be. Responsibility for the debacle of democratic government in Spain, if it comes, rests primarily on the Conservative government of Great Britain. It was this government that at the beginning refused to stand behind France if France exercised her legal right to aid the constitutional Spanish regime. It was the British government that declined to take any steps to enforce a rigorous neutrality and thus prevent the rebels from getting aid. If an anti-democratic military state now arises on the Iberian Peninsula to menace France from the rear and help the aggressions of Hitler and Mussolini, Mr. Baldwin must bear a heavy share of the blame.

THE German people, formerly proud of their high cultural standard in literature, are henceforth to buy not what they like, but what Nazi politicians want them to read. Hans Johst—a name that will not be recognized by critics for any intellectual distinction—is nevertheless so fervid a supporter of Hitler that he is president of the Reich Chamber of Literature. At a celebration in hallowed Weimar in honor of book week he said that National Socialist books will be exclusively sold and will be put over with "loving force." "Our state," he declared, "needs a revelation of our spirit. Resistance will be broken with dynamite." Dynamite seems a curious instrument for a revelation of the spirit, but there is no doubt that Herr Johst means what he says, because he threatens to "eliminate the lukewarm among the booksellers" and says he will not tolerate a dictatorship by the buying public. They must instead be "convinced and led." We hope this hint does not turn American publishers toward a sympathy with fascist methods. One can imagine the announcement of a new predetermined best seller in The Publishers' Weekly threatening all lukewarm booksellers with concentration camps, and shipments of books which include a stick of dynamite as a premium with every order of ten copies. But somehow we cannot imagine that loving force would enlarge the reading public.

THERE is one argument in favor of Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection about which the Democrats have said nothing, yet it is important. The next four years would be his second term, but Mr. Landon's first. It is a truism of American politics that when a man enters the White House for a quadrennium, he immediately begins to plan for another one, and many of his acts are dictated by the political necessities growing out of that ambition. In his second four years, he knows that under the American system there is no chance of his being returned once more, and can act with less reference to the immediate political exigency. To be sure, he still hopes that his party, with another hand at the helm, can continue in power, and that fact may sometimes outweigh the claims of posterity for statesmanship. We would agree, too, that this argument should not be the conclusive one: in 1932, it would have supported the reëlection of Mr. Hoover.

THIS past year has been a good one for the New York City newspapers, as it has for business in general. All the big dailies have gained circulation, according to the figures they are obliged to file with the New York Post Office each October, all except two—The New York American and The New York Evening Journal, both Hearst papers. Among the morning papers The Herald Tribune and The Times gained respectively 12,000 and 23,000 readers, approximately, while The American lost 6,000. In the evening field the Post gained 73,000, The Sun 11,000 and The World-Telegram 6,000, while The Evening Journal lost 3,000. The Daily Mirror, also a Hearst newspaper, gained 40,000 during the year, but it is a notable fact that Mr. Hearst tries to conceal his interest in this paper, which does not carry the characteristic Hearst features and has been conspicuously free from his hysterical anti-Red campaign. The gain of The Post is one of the most remarkable in the history of American journalism, and it is perhaps significant that The Post is now far more progressive in its editorial policies than any other New York paper. The Times, which is supporting Roosevelt, gained more than The Herald Tribune, which of course is Republican.

DURING the campaign the Republicans have been showing a surprising ability to forget what conditions were like in 1933, when President Roosevelt took office; they have intimated again and again that the depression was really over then, that the charm of his personality—not the necessity for action—caused the people to invest him with extraordinary powers and follow him wholeheartedly, and that in any case the trouble wasn't serious. Here, then, are a few items that The New Republic mentioned in the four issues preceding the inauguration: the hearings of the Committee on Manufactures of the United States Senate revealed that there were between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 unemployed, that about one-quarter of them were receiving relief, that private charity was practically bankrupt, that nearly all cities had exhausted their resources and many states were managing only on federal loans, that relief largely consisted of food alone, and that even where it was given, such figures as $2 to $4 per week per family were typical,

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that the federal government had given nothing. . . . An article by Rose M. Stein—"Home Owners, Unite!"—stated that since the beginning of the depression more than a half-million homes had been transferred from their owners to the mortgagers. . . . A letter to the editor from Irving Fisher described the types of scrip in use since hoarding had become a serious impediment to the flow of money. . . . A letter from Norman Thomas appealed for aid for 10,000 starving miners' families. . . . Editorial mention of the Michigan bank moratorium included the comment that more than 4,500 banks had failed in the past few years. . . . A letter estimating that there were about 300,000 homeless boys roaming the country gave point to an article by one of them. . . . An editorial repeated the statements of Miss Frances Perkins, then New York State Labor Commissioner, who told of women and girls receiving a weekly wage of $1, $2 and $3.

SELDOM is the class bias of a military mind so starkly revealed as in a recent examination problem given to students of the R.O.T.C. unit at the University of California at Berkeley. Remember that the maritime unions of San Francisco are now actually engaged in a serious dispute with shipowners, and then read the theoretical situation outlined for the fledgling militarists:

> A strike of the San Francisco waterfront employees has been in effect for the past two months and as a sympathetic gesture toward same, a general strike went into effect two days ago. In Oakland, Berkeley and adjoining Eastbay cities a considerable part of the population is sympathetic to the strikers and has raided several food and ammunition stores and destroyed some private property. Reliable reports indicate that several gangs, totaling about 200 men, some partially armed with clubs, pistols and a few stolen rifles, are . . . planning to invade the campus, break up classes, destroy state property, etc. Company A, First Infantry, California National Guard, has been mobilized in the Berkeley Armory, and has just arrived at Sather Gate completely armed and equipped, including tear-gas bombs and gas masks.

The problem for the student officers, of course, is to figure out just how they would dispose their armed forces and what measures they would take against the strike sympathizers. The immediacy of this problem is startling enough in itself. Even more disturbing is the utter complacency with which an instructor could devise and a great university accept a problem whose point of view and indicated action constitute a dress rehearsal of fascism.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor appears to be lining up with William Randolph Hearst in his fight against the Newspaper Guild in Seattle. The Council, according to press reports, has made the shocking proposal that the Guild surrender unconditionally to Mr. Hearst and call off its strike against his Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The Council's proposal is not phrased quite so baldly, to be sure, but there can be little doubt about its ultimate effect, so far as the Guild is concerned. The "formula" is to have all strikers go back to work and to leave all matters of collective bargaining—recognition of the Guild, better working conditions and reinstatement of the two veteran newspaper men whose discharge precipitated the strike—for future discussion. This formula, it is worth noting, comes after a week of negotiations in which the Hearst management flatly declared that it would not deal with the Guild. Quite properly, the Guild has rejected such a settlement, and no doubt its stand will be backed up by the labor movement in Seattle. If Mr. Hearst is unwilling to come to terms while his plant is closed down, it is inconceivable that he would be more generous and open-minded once his paper is published again. Even the Executive Council ought to see that. The Hearst management still insists that there is nothing to discuss or arbitrate. This is a brave stand for an employer whose plant has been shut down for more than two months—the kind that should bring cheers at a publishers' convention—but the Executive Council of the A.F. of L. ought to be the last place in the world where such hokum could be put across.

EVIDENCE so far made public in the case of Joseph S. Gelders, the Alabama secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners who was flogged and robbed in Birmingham, Alabama, on September 23, points to officers of the National Guard as his assailants. Mr. Gelders has identified three men, including Walter J. Hanna, captain of Company L of the Alabama National Guard, and Dent Williams, a second lieutenant in the same company. It is also reported that someone driving a car later identified by the license plates as belonging to Hanna was seen to stop in the outskirts of Birmingham, walk out into a field and throw away a bloodstained baseball bat and tear up some papers; the pieces were picked up, pieced together, and found to be Mr. Gelders' membership card in the American Legion, his voter's certificate of registration and his poll-tax exemption. All this evidence, and a good deal more, will be laid before the grand jury when it convenes on November 9, but the hysterical attitude of a large part of the Alabama press indicates that even if the jury should indict, there will be little chance of a trial unaffected by reactionary uproar. Yet the importance of a thorough investigation of what may prove to be political action on the part of members of the National Guard can hardly be overestimated.

WHILE we pretend from time to time that Americans are interested in politics, economics and whatnot, we are well aware that for at least 20,000,000 of our fellow citizens the real problem of life is: Where can I find a place to park? With the lifting of the depression, congestion in city streets is again a question of increasing urgency. Department stores

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in the West are being built with the convenience of automobile owners as the dominating factor, the building covering a huge area, only one or two stories in height, so that patrons can drive up a ramp and park on the roof. At the annual meetings of the traffic experts an increasing body of opinion has appeared recommending that all new office buildings in congested areas should be required by law to provide off-street, permanent parking facilities equal to the expected normal daily traffic. Our British cousins are showing more enterprise in dealing with this problem than we are. There is a municipal underground parking space at Hastings, England, and others will probably be constructed soon at two well known holiday resorts—Brighton and Blackpool. An ordinance has just been passed authorizing municipal parking spaces in London, either at the street level or underground, and proposals are being seriously considered for such developments in Newgate Street and in Leicester Square. The British believe that these spaces might be of great value in case of aerial bombardment during war. There is plenty of reason for them, however, in time of peace, both in Great Britain and the United States.

CIVIL liberties. Good news for the week ending October 26: Injunctions were obtained in Los Angeles restraining police from breaking up public political meetings, notably an address by James W. Ford, Communist vice-presidential candidate. . . . A victory for equal rights for Negroes was the decision by the Allegheny County (Pennsylvania) Quarter Sessions Court that the Pennsylvania civil-rights law passed last year is constitutional. A Pittsburgh restaurateur appealed to the court on the grounds that the due-process clause had been violated, after he had been convicted for refusing to serve a Negro a cup of coffee.

BAD news about civil liberties for the week ending October 26: Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, cited, in letters to the Governors of Ohio and West Virginia, six instances of attacks on S.W.O.C. men, and charged Ernest T. Weir with being personally responsible. The cases included the kidnaping and running out of town of Claude R. Kramer at Steubenville, Ohio; the beating of Paul Rusen in the same town, of Richard Riser and Anthony Kowalski near there, and of Steve Barron in Weirton, West Virginia. Kenneth Koch, the S.W.O.C. organizer in Weirton, was attacked for the second time on October 16 and beaten so badly that he spent several days in a hospital—not in Weirton, however. . . . Fifteen men, some wearing American Legion caps, broke up with fists and guns a campaign meeting of Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, in Tampa, Florida. . . . When four hundred delegates of the Workers' Alliance picketed W.P.A. headquarters in Washington, David Lasser, president of the Alliance, Herbert Benjamin, secretary, and John Kelley were arrested, Kelley being struck by a policeman. They were shortly freed. . . . Police Inspector Frank McCahill refused a permit for the American Labor Party to use an auditorium at Mineola, Long Island, without giving any reason. . . . Colonel Henry R. Sanborn, publisher of the Red-baiting American Citizen, was reported to have become "coördinator" of law-enforcement agencies in Salinas, California. The American Civil Liberties Union is attempting to force an inquiry into his activities, such as allegedly searching houses without a warrant. . . . At El Centro, California, Esco Richardson, a Communist candidate for Congress, was dragged from the microphone of a radio station where he was scheduled to make an address, taken to a vacant lot, ordered to speak, and then pelted with rotten eggs and fruit and howled down.

Just Before the Battle

NOW THAT the campaign is over, it is interesting to speculate on what it all amounted to. Were any opinions changed as a result of the vast amount of haranguing? What will be the outcome?

It is probable that the arguments affected few votes. If Mr. Roosevelt wins, it will be largely because a majority was for him before the conventions; if Mr. Landon is the victor, he will profit from the hostility engendered against the administration before he was nominated. In politics, most motives are not logical, and the last-minute contentions of candidates are accepted by the electorate principally to rationalize partisanship already adopted. If, however, we assume that the speeches could persuade enough persons to count, there was little in the campaign that would seem to be capable of influencing a reasonable person to change his mind. The issues remain the same as when The New Republic printed its "Voter's Handbook"; no important promises were made, no new points of significance added, to the old context of the debate.

Attitudes toward the administration have of course changed since the last election; the question is in what direction and to what extent. We can judge the direction far more easily than the extent. In this matter we may rely somewhat on general observation, but still more on the better of the straw polls that have sampled opinion over a series of months. It is a fact familiar to statisticians that an index which is inaccurate as to quantity at any given time may yet be relied upon as to trend. Thus, various indexes of prices may differ, but still are likely to show prices going in the same direction.

It would be generally admitted that the administration gained a tremendous amount of popularity in its early months, so that if the election had been held in April or May, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt would have polled a far larger vote than he actually did in November, 1932. This popularity began to wane after the honeymoon was over, but even by the time

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of the congressional elections of 1934, the Democratic vote was a larger percentage of the total than in 1932. After that a more rapid drop in Mr. Roosevelt's popularity set in, culminating in the winter of 1935-36. A reversal of this trend occurred during the spring. Mr. Landon's nomination set back this return to Mr. Roosevelt for a month or so, but thereafter the drift was resumed.

Will Mr. Roosevelt be elected? All the polls worth consideration and pretending to sample national opinion as a whole indicate that he will, except that of The Literary Digest. The Literary Digest has been surprisingly accurate in the past. Is there any reason for expecting it to be erroneous this time? (We write concerning the figures available on October 26.) It now gives Mr. Landon nearly 55 percent of the popular vote cast for the two main parties, and 370 electoral votes to Mr. Roosevelt's 161. The other leading poll, that of the Institute of Public Opinion, gives Mr. Roosevelt 54 percent of the major-party popular vote, and 390 electoral votes. It is clear that a small shift in percentage of popular vote makes a large difference in electoral votes, particularly in the more doubtful states. All agree that these doubtful states are chiefly in the Middle West and the Middle Atlantic belt. Most of them have large industrial populations.

The Literary Digest poll is overweighted with telephone subscribers and automobile owners—people in the upper income classes. When these classes divide much as the general population divides, as they did when Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt were elected, the unbalanced weighting leads to little error. When, as is probably the case today, the division is more along class lines, the lack of balance may make a considerable difference. The Institute of Public Opinion takes some pains to include and properly weight the lower income classes and, although its sample is smaller than The Digest's, it is probably more representative of the total.

Evidence that the Digest results to date do exaggerate the Republican chances in this way is derived from two sources. Of the ballots in its present poll cast by persons who voted for one of the two major parties in 1932, over 52 percent come from those who voted for Mr. Hoover, whereas of course Mr. Hoover's percentage of the actual vote was considerably under 50. This error may be partially offset by the probability that many who voted for Mr. Roosevelt last time will now vote for Mr. Landon. More important, however, is the fact that the preliminary returns include relatively small representation from the big cities, which are likely to go heavily Democratic and may determine the result in crucial states like Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

It is possible that even the poll of the Institute of Public Opinion may underestimate Mr. Roosevelt's chances. For wherever it takes a sample of a large special classification of the population, it obtains a heavy Roosevelt majority, with few exceptions. Thus, it finds that those on relief are 85 percent Democratic, organized labor 72 percent for the President, young people 60 percent in his favor, farmers 55 percent for him, women 53 percent pro-Roosevelt, and World War veterans 52 percent. The only special group it has polled that is for Mr. Landon consists of persons fifty-five years of age or over, who favor the Republican candidate by 57 percent. It is difficult to see how any candidate can fail of election if he is favored by a majority of farmers, union members, women, veterans, people on relief, and everybody under fifty-five. These classifications overlap, it is true, but they surely include an overwhelming majority of the electorate.

Percentages of total popular vote are, however, only rough guides to the actual outcome. It does not make any difference in the result, for instance, whether the inhabitants of Mississippi or Alabama are 90 percent Democratic or only 60 percent. But the shift of a few hundred thousand votes in uncertain states like New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio might swing an electoral-college majority. Here is where the principal uncertainty enters. Money is being poured into the crucial districts. Employers are trying to frighten their workers, with notices about the social-security tax and otherwise. A popular impression is being spread, and is difficult to eradicate, that the ballot is not really secret. Although there is more money and more determination among Republican workers this year than for a long time, the chance for success by these methods of "practical politics" is somewhat diminished by the fact that more local and state governments, with control of the electoral machinery, are Democratic than in the old days. Yet such machines are capable of making deals for their own advantage. It is at the moment uncertain, for instance, whether Tammany in New York City will really get out the vote for President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman, about whom the local bosses are supposed to be lukewarm. Methods like these cannot reverse a strong popular tide, but if Mr. Roosevelt's majority in the big industrial regions has shrunk to a narrow margin, they might encompass his defeat. This is the one chance we can see for Republican victory, barring what looks to us like the improbability that the Literary Digest poll really represents the attitude of a majority.

We still incline to the belief that the election will be close in terms of popular vote, that Mr. Roosevelt will win, but by a smaller majority than in 1932, and that his electoral vote may be anything from a bare majority to a "landslide." We should place Mr. Landon's possible top at eighteen states with 257 electoral votes. This includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, and still fails to elect him. From this maximum his winnings may be graduated down all the way to the four states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Kansas. We should be less surprised if Mr. Roosevelt were returned by an enormous silent tide of popularity, unsuspected because it is obscured by the hostility to him in the upper surfaces of society, than if he were defeated.

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The Fascist United Front

FOR YEARS, reports have been current that Italy and Germany had an understanding with each other of some sort. From time to time, however, they have revealed hostility on some specific issue, and particularly in regard to Austria. Now a definite arrangement has been achieved which can fairly be called an alliance. The text of the document, if there is one, is still secret but the terms announced by Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Italian Foreign Minister, speaking on behalf of both countries, leave no doubt of the meaning.

The two powers will together assume responsibility for Austria. Germany is to "participate"—whatever that means—in the affairs of the Danubian countries. Both powers, aided by the Catholic Church, will engage in a crusade against communism. They are prepared to recognize the Franco rebels as the Spanish government, even though Catalonia or any other area should continue to hold out. Germany gives full recognition to the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and in exchange will be awarded special rights in that territory. They are both seeking a new Locarno agreement to be confined to themselves, Great Britain and France, with Soviet Russia excluded in preparation, obviously, for Hitler's war of aggression against the U.S.S.R. Germany is at this moment renewing her attempt to persuade the Tory government of Great Britain to participate in this "holy crusade."

It would not be fair to say that the announcement of this alliance has deepened the general European gloom, already so thick that it could hardly be more impenetrable. Only in a formal sense does it sharpen the division between the fascist and anti-fascist powers, emphasized for the past three months by the rebellion in Spain. It might even be argued that Count Ciano's announcement comes as something of a relief, since it clears away whatever doubts may have existed. But if it does not make the general European picture any worse, neither does it make things better.

The key to what is happening is to be found, in our opinion, in the internal situation in Germany. The extremists are now once more and definitely in the saddle. Conservatives like Dr. Schacht have been pushed into the background, a fact signalized a few days ago when General Göring was made economic dictator for the next four years. Oddly enough, these extremists have come to a firm working agreement with the Catholics, having discovered a common ground in the hatred and fear of communism. (The Vatican's feeling has of course been exacerbated by the developments in Spain.) Meanwhile, the internal economic position of Germany is becoming more grave. Predictions of an imminent collapse are probably as groundless now as they have proved to be when made over and over during the past three years; a modern dictatorship can keep on functioning under conditions that would have been intolerable in the old days and would probably still prove so in a democratic country in which people are both permitted to know what is going on and to complain about it.

There is no doubt, however, that the shortage of foodstuffs will be serious this winter. The pressure for devaluation of the mark is almost irresistible (it is already devalued in part through Dr. Schacht's various ingenious devices). Synthetic substitutes for needed raw materials have been a disappointment, notably in the case of artificial rubber. Germany has been getting large food supplies from the Balkan countries under conditions that are not likely to be repeated: contracts were signed at exceptionally high prices, the products were shipped to Germany, and the sellers were then told they must take payment in German manufactured goods, also at exceptionally high prices. Under the new Italo-German alliance, it will need a good deal of diplomatic skill to remove the sting of these transactions and to persuade the countries involved that Germany is now a new and reliable friend.

There is always the possibility, of course, of an "accidental" European war at any moment. If such a catastrophe can be averted, the best guarantee of peace is to be found in a decided and continuing success by the non-fascist states, beginning in the economic realm—a success that will puncture the balloon of fascist boasts that theirs is the best, the only satisfactory way of life. A great stride toward such an achievement was made when the gold-bloc countries devalued their currencies, it was agreed that the franc, pound and dollar should be kept in line with one another, and France removed about one hundred of her crippling restrictions on foreign trade. If these happenings can be made the beginning of a real new era for the people of these countries, it may also prove the beginning of the end for what someone has called the "bastard self-consuming capitalism" of the totalitarian states.

Falsehoods on Pay Envelopes

IT WAS freely predicted, early in this year's campaign, that the Republicans would try a last-minute "Zinoviev letter" seeking to frighten the voters away from the Democratic Party. They have done this in several previous campaigns; a favorite device has been to tell the employees of large industrial firms that "this factory will close down on the day after the election unless the Republicans win" or some variation on this theme. A scheme has been used this year that seems to strike a new low level in unfair tactics. On January 1, contributions by industrial employers and employees begin under the social-security law. Many heads of large businesses have coöperated with the Republican National Committee in distributing pay envelopes to their workers containing false and misleading statements on this subject. A favorite form reads as follows:

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> Effective January, 1937, we are compelled by a Roosevelt "New Deal" law to make a one-percent deduction from your wages and turn it over to the government. Finally this may go as high as four percent. You might get this money back in future years . . . but only if Congress decides to make the appropriation for that purpose. There is NO guarantee. Decide, before November 3—election day—whether or not you wish to take these chances.

President Roosevelt and many other people have promptly pointed out the unfairness of such statements as this. The worker is not told that these deductions are for old-age pensions. He is not told that the employer is also forced to contribute. He is not told that the deductions from wages are only one percent for the next three years and do not get as high as three percent until 1949. He is not told that he will receive back more than he ever puts into the fund. He is not told that there is no more chance that Congress would repudiate the obligation than there is of suspending interest on government bonds or pensions to war veterans. He is not told that the Republicans themselves voted for this measure by four to one in the House and three to one in the Senate. One can only conclude that if the Republican National Committee finds it necessary to instigate such a campaign of falsehood as this, it must consider its case desperate indeed.

That Five-Dollar Landon Man

THREE weeks ago, The New Republic offered $5 for the name of "an American citizen, of either sex, of recognized intellectual distinction and progressive outlook, who is willing to admit publicly that he intends to vote for Landon and to state his reasons briefly." As we pointed out in our issue of October 14, this offer grew out of another venture of ours. Some weeks ago we wrote to a large number of distinguished Americans, of a generally progressive outlook, asking them for whom they will vote this year. The list was confined to persons whose political intentions were unknown to us. Their answers have been published serially in our pages, the sixth instalment appearing on page 14 of this issue. We were somewhat disconcerted to find that of all the individuals who responded to our request, only one intends to vote for Governor Landon, and this gentleman refuses to permit us to publish his name or the reasons for his choice. In the hope that further search would correct the disparity in our returns, we made the offer of $5.

We now take pleasure in announcing, not one successful nomination, but three, as follows:

William Allen White, nominated by Upton Sinclair.

Former Governor Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, nominated by Joseph Genberg, of New York City.

Amos Pinchot, nominated by Norman Hapgood.

Each of these individuals was proposed to us by a large number of other people, but we have given the $5 award to the first person to suggest each name. Mr. Genberg, we should add, nominated both Gifford and Amos Pinchot, but since Mr. Hapgood simultaneously proposed the name of Amos Pinchot, it seemed to us not unfair to award one prize to each of these two gentlemen. As we reported in our issue of October 28, this little contest has produced widespread interest, and the harassed "Landon editor" has had a grim struggle to keep up with the mounting drift of letters on his desk. Six or seven persons, whose names were listed last week, were proposed over and over again from all parts of the United States. Most of the nominations seemed to the editors to be unacceptable for one or more of the following causes:

The individual refused to state the reasons for his choice (this was one of the conditions).

The person nominated seemed to us not to fulfill both of the two other qualifications, of intellectual distinction and progressive outlook. (Numerous persons were nominated who could properly be called "liberal" but not "progressive." As we pointed out last week, liberalism is too vague a term to be used any longer as a definition of a political tendency and is best used to describe a quality of mind. When we asked for the nomination of a progressive, we meant, obviously, a person definitely and positively interested in progressive political ideas and actions.)

We have received a number of abusive letters from stalwart Republicans who apparently assumed that our $5 offer implied that we did not believe anyone existed who fulfilled the conditions. There was no such implication in our offer. While we had hoped, frankly, that our offer might produce acceptable nominees who met the conditions somewhat more completely than the prize winners, we are glad to make the award announced above. With the addition of these names to those of the persons on our original list, the final score stands:

Roosevelt, 47; Thomas, 9; Landon, 4; Browder, 3; Lemke, none.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Terre Haute Hotel

Waldo Frank accompanied Earl Browder on a tour of midwest industrial cities as a newspaper correspondent and was jailed with him in Terre Haute.—THE EDITORS.

OUTSIDE the nine cells of our ward runs a corridor which is left open part of the day, and through its barred windows I can see the country. Right under my eye is the mellow muddy river that Theodore Dreiser's brother sang, long ago. On the banks of the Wabash I see a huge pile of discarded cars, rust-rotted fragments of machines, shanties paintless and broken-roofed, the homes of human discards among the industrial refuse. This view outside the jail makes me feel at home in the jail. The bars shut me into, rather than out of, a familiar world.

The men in the ward enhance my feeling of having come more close to the America that put me here. There are details, of course, inanimate or crawling, to which I am not used; but like the iron-barred windows, the grated doors, these separating elements are superficial; they do not avail against the growing knowledge that to be in this jail, among these men, and with the police and the chamber of commerce outside, is to be at the heart of a common experience and (given the society we live in) to be in the right place.

The men of our ward have set up a "kangaroo court" to deal with their day-by-day needs, problems primarily of supplementing the vile, scant prison food, of bringing in tobacco, of keeping the ward comparatively clean. The chief of the court is a big fellow whom I'll call Jack, a natural leader. Jack's boyhood was rooted in the shanties along the banks of the Wabash; joy for him, from the earliest days, meant escape from everything familiar—and the best means to it, whiskey. Jack found a good job in a local gymnasium. One night of payday, he left a bootleg dive and was attacked by a gang who knew that he had dollars in his pocket. There was a fight; a policeman butted in, and a chance blow of Jack's great fist sent him to the pavement, fracturing his skull. The cop died, and when Jack got out of jail, the police hounded him and no more jobs were open. Jack had to eat, he had to drink, he had to have a girl; so he became a bootlegger. From then on, he has spent half his time in jail. When he's out, he falls inevitably back into the one way he can think of to make a living: a way of disorder, of course.

But here in jail (where he has more essential freedom than outside), Jack is an orderly man. His cell is clean, his clothes, his toilet articles, his library of magazines, are arranged in shipshape fashion. With a flit-can, he holds the bugs in abeyance. And with his authority as chief of the kangaroo court, he keeps order in the ward, teaching the newcomers and the vags who are let in for the night their duties and their places. Jack is a great reader, and if what he reads is trash, the reason is that trash is all he knows—a point in common with the vigilantes. He is the kind of taciturn man who, when he talks, talks well. I note, in his description of his friendship with the little children of his brother, the tenderness that is in him, the kind of tenderness that I have often felt in pre-adolescent boys for very little children. Utterly wanting in Jack is a critical sense of the society he lives in, is a concept for understanding and bettering his place. Mentally, spiritually, he is a child, because he has been stopped from growing; but in his fixedness of immaturity certain virtues of the boy remain untarnished. I observe this, when he comes into my cell, of his own accord, and shows me the trick of driving the bedbugs to cover. And I shall not forget his bringing out to me, as a spread for my bread, his jar of peach-preserve, a homemade gift from his mother; and his sensitive lie, when he feels my hesitation (I know already what good food means in jail!): "Go ahead, eat all you want—I don't eat that stuff much."

Jack's right-hand man is Pop, who supervises the ward's housework, cooking, cleaning, laundry: an old man of sixty doing time for perjury. Pop's gray face has a beauty difficult to decipher, until one catches its two main elements: a childlike, animal gayety impervious to experience and an old man's pain, the two transfused into a masque, sly, ironic, covering them both. Pop also is a child; he'd play treacherous tricks on you if he chose; that is clear. But it is also clear that if you touch his emotions decently, he may not choose. He's a child brought up among hostile and undiscerning masters. He does not question their authority, nor does he conform. He escapes by remaining in the limbo of his boyhood, a psychological place beyond good and evil but saturated with feeling and humor.

Tony is the kind of chap who affects white buck shoes, and even in stir tries to keep them polished if not clean. He wears a saffron necktie and his blond hair is pushed up from his vague blue eyes in a pompadour. Tony is being held for manslaughter—killing a truckman while driving his car in a state of intoxication. He used to be an ironmolder; but molding jobs have run thin in the mills since the production of capital machines has dwindled; and bad times have reduced him to the status of a common laborer. He likes the boys in jail; he's having a good time doing nothing.

In this, he is like the farm boy from the Kentucky border—Willie—who denies the grand-lar-

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ceny charge that has put him here, but visibly enjoys his moratorium from cribbing corn and milking. Willie, with brand-new blue overalls, curled-up amber hair, baby blue eyes, could take the part of the farmer's son in the melodrama, the youth smelling of clover who comes to the big city to reclaim his girl lured by the wicked traveling salesman. Willie is handsome, nonchalant, illiterate, with many a childish virtue. Back on the farm he has a wife and two kids. He is glad to be free of them for a while, and time for him does not go beyond the vague measure of a season.

When night falls, the lock on the door frequently grinds and the homeless men are turned in for a night's lodging. Not to dull my story (which has a point, if you'll be patient), I'll describe but two of these night-guests. One is an old man, dweller in the filthiest shanties of the Wabash, an aged human body clad in squalor. Sam has been South picking cotton, and he tells us it doesn't pay. That's why he's back home. He hails the tin dish of malodorous slop called supper with delight; although he has no teeth, the pork chop gets gnawed to the bone.

Beside Sam is a riveter, a young South Indianan who has helped build bridges from Bayonne to St. Louis. He's broke, but he expects a job tomorrow. Meantime, he shows us where a molten rivet missed his pail and caught him in the belly; his clothes ablaze, he jumped to the elevator, dropped to a tank of water and then spent three months in a hospital bed. But he's all right now: to prove it he takes hold of a steel butt on the ceiling with the forward half of his fingers and chins himself six times. Old Sam jumps up, and chins himself twice, giggling with pride. Sam's body is still gamey and beneath his dirty unshaved beard is the bland face of a boy, a face essentially sweet. . . .

Do not judge that I am sentimentalizing this common, typical group of failures. There are, of course, vicious men in jails, just as there are vicious men out of jail. They are the exception in both categories, and I'm sure I do not know in which one will find relatively more. Perhaps the vicious among convicts are as rare as the Mellons, Rockefellers, du Ponts, among business men; as the Hearsts among journalists; as the Hitlers and Huey Longs and Coughlins among politicians. Every broad social group has certain basic traits; in the criminal group not viciousness is such a trait, but *childishness*. Without a doubt, the percentage of rotten men among criminals is so small it is no wonder that every single man in my ward of the jail happens to be a decent person.

That they were all childish was not accidental. It may help to explain why I liked these men. I have always felt at ease among children. And perhaps this means that I am something of a child myself. And this draws me closer to the point of my story.

Two inmates of our ward, mugged and fingerprinted like the rest of us, I have not yet named. They are the Communist organizers Andrew Remes and Charles Stadtfelt. Stadtfelt is a young man with a playboy's smile and a body pitifully invaded by tuberculosis. So slight is Stadtfelt's resistance that every hour or so he must dive into his lousy bunk, under mine, for a rest. When he emerges, there is a cigarette in his mouth, a laugh in his eyes and a jest on his tongue. Stadtfelt's way of curing his consumption is to forget it, and devote his life to bringing on the revolution. There is no feverish strain in his good humor; it comes from a harmony of the whole man which tubercular bacilli have not yet broken. The second Communist, Remes, is studious and unsmiling. Brought in later than I, the first thing he does is to ask me for an explanation of why the Soviet Union does not officially help the Spaniards. Back and forth in the corridor we walked, while he put his questions. But the sobriety of Comrade Remes is not objectionable to the camaraderie of the others. His intellectual preoccupations trouble them no more than his working out the cross-word puzzles in the old papers (while they hunt tales of daring gunmen and passionate lovers). Instinctively, they are aware that Remes looks at the bosses with eyes parallel to theirs.

These bosses are the symbolic "fathers" who keep the boys behind bars. They have tools. Lowest are the turnkeys, for the most part men brutalized by long practice of mechanical repression without understanding; men dehumanized to the bare repressive function. A little less low are the police, dull incarnations of conformity to the rules the criminals break; professional opponents, players of the same game as the lawless but on the other side of the line and held in contempt by the crooks, who instinctively sense that to obey the rules of our society means less fantasy, less generosity, less feeling, than to break them. The true fathers are rarely seen by their unfortunate children: they are the respectable citizens, the taxpayers, the makers of the rules, the builders of the courts and jails, the dealers of prison terms. Implicitly, men like Jack, Pop, old Sam and Tony regard them as children regard grown-ups.

These pillars of society are less childlike than the jail-birds. But they are not the mature men fathers should be. If they were mature (and the crooks instinctively know this), there would be less filth in jail, there would be no need of jail at all, there would be less misery, corruption, injustice, in the chaotic outer world which the jail's false order impotently strives to correct. The lawbreakers are children; the sustainers of the legalized anarchy called the capitalist system are neither children nor grown men. Call them men in a transition between infancy and adulthood: that will explain their natural selection for eminence by a society that is itself an epoch of transition. Capitalism is a transition age between the naïve childhood of the race and that mastering maturity in which alone the dreams, values, inventions of childhood, transfigured, may flower.

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This explains why the "children" are in jail; why the men who have not grown up build the jail and place the "children" in it: it explains also why the Communists, who are creating a form for maturity, are in jail with the "children." The two Communists in our ward (not to mention the leading Communist in a ward below stairs) legitimately stand for a will, a discipline, a method, whereby men may outgrow the irrational chaos of capitalism, may mature to a society for both grown men and children. By this truth, symbolically, the Communists belong in jail. For the values which they strive, through changing the laws, to bring to normal life are kin to the values which the criminals, by breaking the laws, impotently struggle to retain. The mature man rounds the cycle, giving organic form to the lyric impulses of childhood—the need for joy, for play, for freedom, which man outgrows at his peril.

But this natural conjunction of child and mature man in a jail, as against the half-men who put them in jail, may be still further broadened. After we had been released, Chief of Police Yates came up to us. Yates is a jaunty young man, smooth and hard-eyed, half a machine, a type too common in this world, without whom fascism could not function. He is simply the shallow young man, wanting to get along in a hurry, who sells out to the forces in immediate power—the owners of the Machine; and who wants for his reward, not so much a fat pay envelope as freedom to give play to his desires, less destroyed than repressed into sadism by the dull business world of which he also is a victim.

Yates saunters up to us, and tells us with pride of the congratulatory cable he has received from Berlin. Capitalist society has already driven back into infantilism the weakest members of the working class; and you will find some of them in jail. Fascism is a method for finishing the process! Fascism would *infantilize* all the workers; not in order to put them into jail if they are good boys, but to put them into a brown, black or silver shirt, and stick a slogan in their mouths and call them the fatherland's army. Fascism is the program for the forced regimented infantilization of the people; implicit or explicit, it must be the program of all rulers under capitalism, since these rulers, by the nature of their transitional order, are themselves caught in a transition before maturity, are not men enough to lead men or to work with men, and are compelled, before the threatening maturity of the masses, to drive them all—through force, falsehood, ill nurture—down to a morbid, regressive, infantile level.

Either down to infantilism or forward to the revolutionary beginning of a human order in which normal men may normally mature: that was the choice, palpable as human bodies, within our ward's barred windows. In the Terre Haute jail I had our world with me: the atavistic, careless and abnormal; the future, striving to be; the dolorous, dangerous present. I felt at home there. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

Pre-Election Flash

THE ELECTION campaign is almost over, and I am glad of it. This has been a bad one. I can remember distinctly seven presidential elections, and I can recall none—not even the 1928 affair in which Al Smith's Catholicism unfortunately became a leading issue—that has sunk to quite the level of 1936.

Dozens of commentators, for periodicals of all political complexions, have in the past few weeks criticized the efforts to smear Mr. Roosevelt by wild allegations of radicalism, on the part of W. R. Hearst, John D. M. Hamilton, Colonel Knox and all the little Republican squid who take their cue from the big ones. In an article of my own, published a fortnight ago, I appealed to Governor Landon to dissociate himself from this kind of contemptible mud-slinging by men who know perfectly well that their allegations are false. While the issue containing my remarks was on the press, Mr. Landon ruined the point by himself joining the hue and cry and asserting that the Roosevelt administration has tried to destroy fundamental American institutions. If the Kansas Governor is elected—and the voting odds at present are fifteen to five against him—I am confident there will be many times in the years to come when he will deeply regret the fact that he stooped to such tactics. If he is defeated, his regret will be no less.

The Terror by Microphone.—For me, as for millions of others, this campaign has been a personal experience chiefly on the radio and in motion-picture theatres. Perhaps I am unduly timid, but I have found it a rather terrifying ordeal. Repeatedly, in newsreel theatres in wealthy districts of New York City, I have heard almost an entire upper-middle-class audience viciously booing the appearance on the screen of the President of this country. It used to be said that only the very rich and the very poor have good manners; I fear we must chalk out one-half of that equation and record a signal defeat for the exclusive New England boarding-schools, the smart academies for young women on the Atlantic Seaboard.

Much of the Republican oratory I have heard on the radio has had equally disturbing undertones.

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Colonel Knox, in particular, sounds like an exasperated drill sergeant who would dearly like to bite; and he is not the only one. The effect is not improved by the fact that each of these orators mispronounces fifteen or twenty common English words. (Don't misunderstand me: I should dislike these gentlemen did they speak as Leslie Howard.) The roars of the crowd in attendance at these meetings, as it comes through my loud-speaker, sounds very much like the boos from the dinner-jacket section in the movie house. Probably I am a little oversensitive to these things; but I have been in three countries that were under fascist dictatorships, and I have seen how easily the human animal, in large numbers, can be whipped up into an emotional state of perfectly senseless rage and hatred against anyone, or any group, accused often enough and skillfully enough of being the cause of his woes—even though the accusation is wholly without merit. I shall take a big breath when the campaign is over and the booing stops. If it does.

I might add that the radio voice that terrifies me the most is not that of any orthodox Republican campaigner, but that of Father Coughlin. I have never met this prelate, and can judge him only by what I have heard through my loud-speaker, which may do him an injustice, although I doubt it. He sounds to me like a man without any humor, without any common sense. That he is amazingly ignorant of economics and finance everyone knows who understands these matters and has taken the trouble to find out what it is that he is seeking to say in that monotonous, ominously soft voice of his, with its pseudo-English accent and its continuous effect as of a marble in one cheek. He seems like the kind of man who, in the days of the Inquisition, might have been one of its foremost and most conscientious advocates and practitioners.

Sir Thomas Inskip suggested the other day that the radio has been the chief factor in the rise of modern dictators of the Mussolini-Hitler school; that they have some quality, hard to identify offhand, through which they can almost hypnotize the weak, the ignorant, the suggestible, who are lulled and charmed like the rats of Hamelin. To be sure, there were dictators before the wireless was invented, and the head of a modern government finds other means as well for projecting his personality. Nevertheless, I think there is something in Sir Thomas' theory, and that it poses a problem that society must some day solve, for its own protection.

The Experts Who Might Have Been.—As I follow the Republican campaign, the wonder grows upon me that the National Committee has not seen fit to call in competent, professional advertising and publicity advice in the presentation of its case to the people. Surely, there must have been, somewhere in this broad land, at least a few highly trained experts in these subjects who would have been willing, for an appropriate fee, to bend their energies to the election of the Kansas Sunflower. My friends try to tell me that this was in fact done; that persons experienced in these arts did offer their services and were accepted. But I just can't believe it. I cannot imagine that if such professionals were on hand, they would have permitted the series of howling blunders that have been witnessed, the feeble billboard advertising, the frantic appeals for money which referred to "our courageous leader" —not Landon, but John Hamilton!—and were sent to such unlikely prospects as Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and the editors of The New Republic. With a professional on the scene, they would not have built an elaborate and heart-wringing appeal against the administration on the ground that through its taxes it had added mightily to the cost of: lounging pajamas. An expert publicity man would have known better than to put out an official press release of the Republican National Committee which referred to the President as "the poor lamb." Perhaps beyond anything else, the expert would have prevented that weird statement a few days ago that compared Mr. Roosevelt to Kerensky. Such a professional would have known that this comparison was done to death in the early days of 1934, after that magnificent comedian, Dr. William Wirt of Gary, had spread it on the front pages of the nation's press.

If the Republican board of strategy had had sufficient wit to employ professional advertising and publicity experts, they might also have thought of providing themselves with a professional economist. (Again, I am told "They did," and again I reply, "Impossible!") If they had done that, they could have avoided some serious embarrassments, as for example in regard to agricultural tariffs, mentioned by Governor Landon in his Minneapolis speech. Just one competent economist—I will go farther, even half a one—could have prevented the debacle of the Babassu nuts, the contretemps of the cheddar cheese and the imbroglio of the fat cattle. It is probably too late now for Mr. Landon to consult anyone who knows something about international trade, finance, currency, inflation and the like. But the Republicans might make a note of it in their forward file for 1940.

Journalism on Trial.—Among those who should be reading the election returns with the deepest personal interest are the newspaper publishers of the country. A fairly careful study made by persons sympathetic to the Republican cause indicates that something like 80 percent of the papers are opposing Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection. The proportion is of course higher in the North than the South (where opposition is usually covert rather than open); it is higher in the cities than the towns. If the Democrats should win, that fact will constitute the most stunning blow to the prestige of American journalism in at least a lifetime.

This lesson should be particularly poignant in a city like Chicago, where four out of five important newspapers have opposed Mr. Roosevelt's reëlec-

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tion by every means at their command. Nothing in this campaign has seemed to me more interesting than the huge demonstration for the President in that city on October 14 and the roars of disapproval uttered by the marching crowds for The Chicago Tribune, and most of all for the Hearst-owned Herald-Examiner and American. The great publishers of this country have over and over in recent years asked special privileges, special exemptions for themselves on the ground that journalism is not a business, but a public service; that the owners of the press are not in the sordid task of making money, but are preserving the pure torch of truth that illuminates the palladium of our liberties. But what happens to the torch of truth if your readers, for whom and for whom only it is carried aloft, can't see it? Unless Mr. Landon wins Chicago overwhelmingly (and the sparrows whisper that he won't), the prestige of the journalists will be badly dented. If by some miracle Mr. Roosevelt is successful in that city, it seems to me that the least the humiliated opposition publishers can do is to ride up in a body to the top of the Tribune Tower and jump off.

It is commonly said that the editors of The Literary Digest have also a vital stake in this election. Their poll, in which many millions of ballots were sent out by mail and some two million or more returned, indicates a sweeping Landon victory If they should prove to be wrong, it is argued that the Litdig will have lost face to the point where hara-kiri will be in order. But this argument overlooks the fact that the Digest poll has every week quite honestly and accurately indicated what looks like a wide margin of error. Those who receive the Digest ballots are asked to record how they voted in 1932, and these results are also tabulated. In that year Mr. Hoover received about 41 percent of the total vote, but this year some 53 percent of those who responded to the invitation have said they were Republicans four years ago. In other words, what their vote proves is that a great many Hooverites of '32 are Landonites today, and that is all it does prove. I hope the editors of The Digest already have this explanation set up in type in the event of a Democratic victory. They will probably need to print it several times in order to get the idea across.

My Day and Election Day.—Speaking, as I have been doing, of journalism reminds me of an interesting point of debate. Has Mrs. Roosevelt's widely syndicated column, "My Day," aided or hindered the reëlection of her husband? I know a number of New York sophisticates who dislike this column and have been saying that they believe it is a detriment to the Democratic cause. I should add that most of these persons are themselves opposed to that cause, and are perhaps open to the charge of wishful thinking. My own guess, which I cannot prove, is that just the contrary is true. It is perhaps not generally known that Mrs. Roosevelt's daily article has been a tremendous popular success. In a few months' time the number of papers publishing it has risen to the startling total of 59. When one journal or another, usually by accident, has omitted this daily feature from any issue, the editors have been flooded with protests from their readers. I have a feeling that the New York sophisticates are all wrong, and that the country as a whole likes the sort of person Mrs. Roosevelt has in her column demonstrated herself to be—friendly, unpretentious, possessed of inexhaustible vitality, a broad interest in all sorts of people and a human wish for their welfare. The election returns will leave this, like so many other questions, shrouded in mystery. Perhaps Dr. Gallup might some day put his indefatigable legmen of the Institute of Public Opinion to work, and set all our minds at rest.

The Candidate and the Mob.—There are two interesting questions on which the election should throw some light. We have been told for years that a sense of humor was a fatal handicap to anyone seeking high office in the United States. The idea was that the people as a whole are not very quick to take a joke, and that they feel anyone in public life who "dares to be as funny as he can" is probably not sound on more serious matters. Mr. Roosevelt, in 1932 and before that, held himself in check as he has not done in the present campaign. To be sure, 99 percent of his remarks have been serious; but he has not hesitated to tell a few funny stories, and to make a few wisecracks in the course of his back-platform chats with crowds along the way. His little interchange with William Allen White on the native heath of the Emporia Sage was a small masterpiece, by the standards of political badinage. It is possible of course that a man with a sense of humor might be elected in spite of it, or might be defeated for other reasons. My own guess is, however, that the old prohibition of the campaigners was just so much nonsense. It all depends on the other qualities the humorist possesses, and whether or not his outward lightness of touch records and symbolizes an emptiness within.

It is a possible hypothesis, it seems to me, that our national taste for, and tolerance of, humor are changing. Perhaps the radio, which ranks its comedians very high among the salesmen of laxatives and soap, may have had something to do with it; or sound movies, in which a level of sophisticated fun is possible that could not be reached in the days of the slapstick silents. If you will read the professional humor magazines of the 1880's and compare them with those of the present day, you will see a difference that goes much deeper than the mere change in style from the dialogue joke to the brief and pointed caption. It is my surmise—and I am safe in making it, for no one can prove me wrong—that Mr. Roosevelt's cheerfulness was an enormous asset in 1932 against the glum Hooverian background, and that his lightness of touch has been of tremendous value to him this year.

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There is another political myth that perhaps needs debunking. Several commentators on public affairs have reported in recent years that popular idols now rise to the heights, and are swept down from them again, in much less time than was the case a few decades ago. The explanation offered is that modern devices like the radio, the talking movie, the rotogravure section, enable a man to become part of the consciousness of millions of his fellow citizens far sooner than ever before. But this advantage, it is argued, is also his undoing: the people's love wanes as fast as it waxed. After they have heard the famous voice, beheld the famous countenance, a few thousand times, they are good and sick and tired of them both. If this were so, Mr. Landon should have a great advantage over Mr. Roosevelt in the campaign now ending. But has anyone seen evidence of such a condition, except in special cases such as those I mentioned earlier in this article? Perhaps all we can say is that when a citizen casts his vote, that operation results from a parallelogram of forces that cannot be singled out and weighted by themselves. . . . Perhaps, too, the only wise prophet is the one who does his prophesying in retrospect, after the event.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

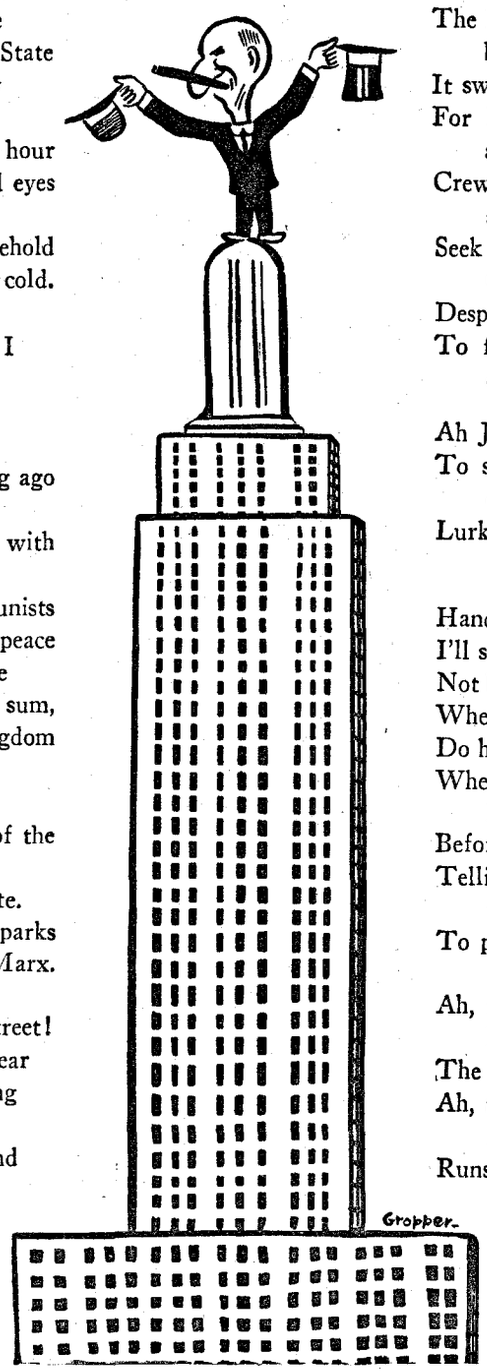
Empedocles on the Empire State

Ye affluent deities who hold the Fate
And Second Mortgage of my Empire State
Building, give ear, for from this lofty
Tower
Where I stand ruminant hour after hour
Gazing with bloodshot and bewildered eyes
At this fair city that beneath me lies,
I see such Sights, such Goings On behold
As makes my very blood run hot and cold.

East, West, South, North—where'er I
point my glasses
I see the city streets o'ergrown with
grasses
And on those sidewalks where not long ago
I oft did trip the light fantastic toe,
On those same walks there swarms with
upraised fists
A mob of wild, bomb-throwing Communists
Who shout defiance and disturb the peace
Spit on Old Glory, bulldoze the police
Affright my tenants and announce, in sum,
They'll blow my building into Kingdom
Come.

The cops themselves, the strong arm of the
State,
Are tinged with Red, become effeminate.
They lounge about in all the public parks
Denouncing Trotsky or discussing Marx.
Yea, I have seen a cop upon his beat
Help an old Communist across the street!
And when good citizens expect to hear
Nightsticks on workers' noodles ringing
clear
There rise instead from every hill and
valley
Strains of the Russian
"Internationale."

Mary protect me! With a rush and
roar



The Red Flood's climbing toward me floor
by floor.
It swirls about my building in a torrent
For Frank has dropped the gates to an
abhorrent
Crew of professors whose Profane Re-
searches
Seek to uproot the hearth, lay waste the
Churches
Despoil our virgins and in blood and lust
To fling God's country groveling in the
dust.

Ah Jefferson, arise! 'Tis a dishonor
To sleep so sound when just around the
corner
Lurks Revolution.

But enough of talk
Hand me a stovepipe hat, I'll take a walk.
I'll step off this here parapet and fall
Not back in Oliver Street but into Wall
Where du Pont's acolytes from ten to three
Do homage to the Goddess Liberty.
Where members of his League in suppliance
kneel
Before the posts of motors, oil or steel,
Telling their beads and wondering if 'twas
wrong
To play Steel short or Studebaker long.

Ah, in that place of ease, that Cockaigne
land
The Cap of Liberty needs no sweat band!
Ah, there my spirit dwells! And when the
Lord
Runs His all-seeing eye down my Record
He'll say, "My friends, here was an
honest man
Who saw the light and died
Republican."

SLATER BROWN.

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How They Are Voting: VI

WE PUBLISH below the final instalment of letters from well known progressives stating for whom they will vote. The total score has not been changed since last week and is: Roosevelt, 47; Thomas, 9; Browder, 3; Landon, 1; Lemke, none.

In our issue of October 7, Dean Lloyd K. Garrison of the University of Wisconsin Law School indicated briefly his intention to vote for President Roosevelt. In a subsequent letter, he amplifies his reasons:

I intend to vote for Roosevelt because, in the first place, I am afraid that the defeat of his administration and the discrediting of the groups supporting it would be followed by a wave of reaction which is already in the making and would bring with it: (1) attacks upon civil liberties, trade-union organization and academic freedom, (2) a cynical and repressive attitude toward the unemployed, (3) the emasculation or scuttling of much of the constructive legislation of the past four years, and (4) intensified economic nationalism. Undoubtedly a new administration could and would do much to check excesses and aberrations of existing policy, but this pruning, patching and correcting would not to my mind compensate for the evil forces that a political overturn would inevitably, and despite Landon's fundamental decency, let loose. These forces are stronger than he is; they are feeding on the campaign and await only the emotional impetus of election victory to sweep the land. I am, finally, sanguine enough to believe that needed corrective measures may be forthcoming from the present administration, if continued in power, especially with a diminished and less docile congressional majority; and that there may be more to hope for in the way of thoroughgoing civil-service reform from a President who cannot seek another term than from a new administration hungry for jobs after four of the leanest years in the history of its party.

LLOYD K. GARRISON.

Mr. Ferdinand Lundberg, whose choice was indicated in The New Republic of October 14, asks leave to supplement his observations as follows:

I shall vote for Roosevelt under the emblem of the American Labor Party in New York. In states where labor has put tickets into the field for Roosevelt or where Progressive or Farmer-Labor tickets are headed by Roosevelt, making possible a discrimination of Roosevelt votes from straight Democratic Party votes, those desirous of keeping Landon and his backers out of national office might reasonably do similarly. Votes for Roosevelt outside the Democratic Party framework may conceivably provide the beginning for a national farmer-labor party that would take the field independently in 1940. Such votes would do double duty as "protest" votes and practical expressions in favor of the liberal ingredients of the Roosevelt political mixture.

Voters who cast ballots for parties and candidates to the "left" of Roosevelt might just as well say a prayer in St. Patrick's Cathedral for all the practical efficacy their actions have. Impatient persons who are seduced by the calls of Norman Thomas from his political ivory tower might cast a backward glance over the history of the Socialist Parties in Europe, notably the post-war record of this party in Germany. Searchers for social paradise inclined to support the Communists might also examine closely the post-war history of the Third International. The Union Party represents the beginning of organized fascism in the United States and no liberal or radical of sound mind can support it. It exists—and was probably solely created—to attract disgruntled voters away from Roosevelt, enabling Landon to capture states where the decision may be close.

Roosevelt, despite acts that are open to legitimate criticism, has gone further in recognition of the social problem than any other President since the United States became an industrial nation. As far as general support would warrant, his administration has acted to ameliorate a problem that was greatly aggravated by the greed of precisely those elements which now support the Republican Party again. True, many dubious elements support Roosevelt. His administration, perhaps as a fitting close to a definite period in American history, has constituted an amalgam of all that is best and worst in the American political tradition telescoped into the present.

So far as intelligent support from the country is concerned the administration has given better service than the people perhaps deserve, for the apathy and short-sightedness of the American electorate are notorious. A nation that continues to take seriously the party that gave us the Teapot Dome scandals, the regime of Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, the Shipping Board scandals, the Mellon tax rebates, the prohibition-non-enforcement scandal and wholesale grafting, the wide-open Wall Street practices of 1920-32, and other manifestations of political anarchy for private gain too numerous to mention, does not deserve very much. That the Republican Party is still taken seriously, although none of its old elements has passed from its shelter, is evidenced by numerous straw polls.

Democratic government imposes a tremendous responsibility upon its citizens, makes necessary sharp discriminations in times like these. There are only two alternatives possible in the immediate political future: either a continuation of the New Deal and mild reformism under parliamentary methods or a turn toward brutal repression such as began to be manifested under the Hoover regime, notably in the treatment of bonus marchers at Anacostia Flats. With Father Coughlin expressing himself as favoring bullets over ballots in the event the people install officials not to the liking of his superiors, it is quite evident that influential elements are not lacking who would support the rule of bayonet and machine gun.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG.

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There are one or two points about The New Republic's inquiry that may be of interest. One of these is the number of well known individuals who, as late as August, had not yet made up their minds for whom they should vote. This was true of a distinguished former member of a presidential Cabinet, of a Representative in the recent session of Congress, and of a famous college president in the Middle West, who wrote, succinctly: "I don't know. Do you?" Another well known college president, in New England, asked that his decision be kept confidential because "It is one of those hesitant, uncertain choices" and he might change his mind. A college professor in Connecticut reported that he had not yet "a sufficiently clear conviction or divine inspiration to say definitely." The editor of an important monthly magazine was "not yet ready to announce my decision," meaning that the decision was not yet made.

Even more striking, and perhaps the most important aspect of our inquiry, was the large number of persons who did not dare to make public announcement regarding their voting intentions. It is far from true, as might be supposed, that these were all individuals planning to cast their ballots for the candidate of one of the radical parties. They included a number of men whose choice is Mr. Roosevelt and one who plans to vote for Mr. Landon (the only one with such an intention among the sixty individuals who answered our inquiry). Thirty-seven men and women did not reply at all, and it seems to us an entirely reasonable assumption that some of these failed to respond for the same reason that caused others to make their answers confidential—the fear of the prevailing opinion in their communities.

A college professor in Texas wrote that his board of trustees "prefers that the faculty refrain from public utterance on party matters." Another college teacher in the State of Washington remarked that "I'd like to say for publication whom I am voting for but it wouldn't be wise just now." A newspaperman in New York City said his reply would "have to be confidential for office reasons." A book publisher, also in New York, "would a little prefer that this information be used anonymously." The head of a national social-welfare organization said he did not care "to commit myself publicly" and a widely syndicated newspaper writer regretted that he had "to ask you to keep this confidential." A college professor in New York wrote, "please do not print any of this." One in Connecticut first replied and then wrote a second letter requesting, for college reasons, that his answer be withheld. A distinguished historian replied "for your private information"; another New York university professor said he had agreed with other members of a public committee that none of them should announce their preferences. We respectfully submit these observations to those who still feel that speech is free and opinion untrammeled in these United States.

October Night's Dream

WOPPINGTON'S self-styled Reliable Druggist, Chester A. Donner, opened the door of Elmer Durkin's news and tobacco dispensary and slipped out of the stilly night.

"Haven't you got any home at all, Elmer?" he asked.

The newsdealer was burning the midnight kilowatts at his desk, which was littered with newspapers, magazines and scraps of paper covered with figures. He now announced the results of his calculations.

"If you give Landon the benefit of every doubt, he wins by a whisker, but if his foot slips anywhere he's sunk. Then what's going to happen to the American way of life? And the Constitution and the fireside and Little Willie's penny bank?"

Mr. Donner thought he had better sit down by the stove before firesides were abolished.

"I was checking up on motor-car tags today," he said. "I counted five Landons, three Roosevelts, one Save the Constitution and two that said, 'We have visited the Quints.' What do you make of that?"

Elmer muttered something about economic royalists and turned back to his higher mathematics.

"Get a load of the Institute of Public Opinion, Chet. That's the outfit that rambles around the map, counts noses of all shapes and colors and dishes up a mess of grief for the Sunday Herald Tribune. They had the Topekanese leading for a few minutes last July, but he's been fading ever since he began to make speeches. You'd think Alf loses votes every time he opens his trap. F.D. is out in the clear now and gaining ground every week. That would be oke with me but the catch is nobody knows how hot these guess conductors will turn out to be. They've got no past performances like The Literary Digest."

"I see The Digest gives it to Landon."

"And how! With the big cities missing, Alfred draws two states to one including California, where Republicans are supposed to be so scarce they keep them in zoos. But it's bad news for the Gopers if you dope the flip-flop vote. There's a flock of livestock hopping the fences both ways this year. The Dige gives Landon a profit on the trade but nowhere near enough to balance his budget. My lead pencil says he might cut Franklin's seven million velvet in two, but what would that buy him? They don't pay off on second placers in this racket.

"We've got one good check-up on this predictaphone. It slips the Skipper a dinky lead in Maryland; he can almost feel Alf's hot breath on his collar button. But The Baltimore Sun sent tickets to everybody on the list and the New Dealocrat draws around 64 percent of the gate. If the magazine isn't shooting any straighter than that in the other forty-seven states, the sunflower is due for a heavy frost on the night of the third, I hope."

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"You can't go by straw voters," said the pharmacist, "or by newsreel applauders."

"In that case let's leave it to Jim Farley. That eminent scientist has furrowed his lofty brow over the dope sheets, and all he can give the Jayhawker is Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and a lock of his hair."

"John Hamilton is not such a bad claimer, at that," Mr. Donner observed.

At the mention of the distinguished chairman's name, the mathematician's toil-worn face glowed.

"That Hamilton, he slays me! He ankled into New York a couple of weeks ago and had a rush of language to the face about David Dubinsky. How come they were letting this lousy Red be a New Deal elector? If they didn't tie a can to Dave they were just a mob of Moscowboys. Well it happens that this bird had built up a swell reputation as a Red-fighter and everybody in the needle trades knew it. Nobody had told John the facts of life. He had curled up with one of those Hearstorical romances.

"John had better stick to raising jack because the slush department is running in the red from what I hear. The fat boys' jitters haven't loosened up their assets so much. If the Liberty League's sucker list doesn't come across better the G.O.P. might have to suffer from frigid economy on election day. People might sink so low as to vote as they please.

"All and all it's been a goofy campaign—long on heat and short on light. Maybe Alfred has done as well as anybody else could, but it has been quite a trick to find out where he was headed. First he tried glittering generalities, but they didn't glitter enough to hurt anybody's eyes. The economy prattle left the farmers cold, so he turned around and offered them two billion smackers out of the public till. Pretty soon he settled down to picking flaws in Frank's conduct and squawking about cheese and Babassu nuts. Now he's bravely shooting holes in the deceased N.R.A.

"It's clear enough that Landon has coaxed back a lot of the old-line Republicans in the country and hick towns. But he's a flop in the big cities; he has booted away the labor vote and the colored brethren have strayed over into the green pastures. The G.O.P. was all set to get an assist from Lemke, but poor Bill turned out to be just a ghost runner for Pop Coughlin and he is doing a quick fadeout.

"Al Smith made a swell bang when he picked up his ancient dogs and parked them in the other kennel, but I can't see where the population cares much pro or con. Bill Borah turned out to be no help to Papa and all Hoover has handed us up to yet is a dull lecture on bookkeeping. Frank Knox has traveled as far as the moon, but he could have gone there without being missed any."

"You seem pretty sure that Roosevelt will win."

"Absolutely, Chet. I'd bet a box of nickel cigars on it." A note of caution crept in here. "But not the Durkin family jewels."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Sunflower Newspapers Take a Licking—Tory Publishers Pain Their Scribes—F.D.R. Contemplates Gestures for Peace

ONE OF the most interesting aspects of this campaign has been the terrific walloping taken by the newspapers. It is at least arguable that the prestige of the daily press is lower today than at any time since the country was founded. What is more, the espousal of Governor Landon is reported to have hit many publishers in their pockets. The little sunflower of Kansas has proved to be a deplorable circulation feature. Readers haven't been interested in Sunday stories about the wholesome Landon home life, nor in photographs of the Governor taking two-foot jumps at the Topeka Hunt Club. As a newspaper character, he has been a bust. Just the contrary has been true of Mr. Roosevelt. The few publishers with the canniness—or, if you prefer, the statesmanship—to back Mr. Roosevelt have made a good thing out of it. The most sensational instance of Mr. Roosevelt's value as a circulation-builder has been the tabloid Chicago Times, which, as Chicago's only New Deal paper, has rocketed its circulation up to a reported 400,000. Perhaps the two most aggressive newspaper supporters of Mr. Roosevelt have been Mr. J. David Stern, publisher of The Philadelphia Record and The New York Post, and Mr. Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of The (New York) Daily News. All three papers have gained steadily during the campaign in authority and readers.

The publisher with reason to feel sorriest about the campaign is, of course, Mr. William Randolph Hearst. In the past, Mr. Hearst has been notably successful in using political campaigns to rope in new subscribers. His superficially erratic political course has regularly landed him on the side of the electoral-college majorities. This year, the old gentleman has at last managed to outsmart himself. He has not a friend left in the Democratic Party; the Republicans regard him as their fourth most serious handicap, the three graver ones being Hoover, Hamilton and Landon, in that order. New Dealers here are awaiting the Hearst circulation figures for the period of the campaign in malicious anticipation.

The newspapers, as a whole, have suffered another loss in this campaign. They have lost heavily in the confidence and loyalty of their editorial workers. The degree of this loss, naturally, is not a matter that can be statistically determined. But many Washington correspondents, returning from their traditional campaign swings through the country, report finding local managing editors and editorial writers sick and sore over the anti-Roosevelt line that their owners have compelled them to take. Among the Washington correspondents themselves, there has been a good deal of quiet grumbling. A number of the correspondents have stood up to their publishers like little soldiers, and have been able to cover the campaign as they thought it should be covered. Then, too, a minority of older correspondents—Mr. Mark Sullivan is an excellent example—hate Mr. Roosevelt quite as much as the publishers do, and have needed no urging in wielding the Red calcimine brush. But, by and large, I think that never before has newspaper

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ownership been so generally condemned by its Washington workers. The American Newspaper Guild, as an organization, and Mr. Heywood Broun, as a leader, have acquired a new and special significance.

During the last few days, a proposal to have Mr. Roosevelt speak by radio to the forthcoming Pan-American peace conference at Buenos Aires has been under discussion. Mr. Roosevelt, I am told, would like to do it. Quiet soundings are now being taken to find out whether Latin American governments would feel that Mr. Roosevelt, in making such a speech, was hogging a show that rightfully belongs to them. The United States seems particularly anxious not to offend Argentina's mercurial foreign minister, Señor Saavedra Lamas, who last week was in Paris, angrily attempting to rescue some two thousand Spanish fascists who have taken asylum in the Latin embassies at Madrid.

If Mr. Roosevelt does address the Buenos Aires conference, however, it is predicted that his speech will range far beyond Latin American problems. The President is said to be contemplating a speech that will set forth, in his best oratory, the foundations for a permanent and universal peace. At least by implication, it would be an appeal to the nations of Europe and the Orient to halt before war again arrives. The simple mechanical fact that Mr. Roosevelt would be speaking from a distance of some six thousand miles to the assembled representatives of twenty-one nations would surround the speech with popular drama, and it is believed would ensure the attention of common citizens the world over.

Mr. Roosevelt's evident interest in the Buenos Aires conference lends color to reports, which have long been current here, that he would like to concentrate increasingly on the problem of peace during his second term. You may recall a story published by Mr. Arthur Krock in The New York Times last summer to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt was planning to call a peace conference at which Hitler and Stalin, together with assorted emperors, kings and presidents, would all sit down around the same green-baize table. Taken literally, the story is incredible. But it is by no means unlikely, I think, that Mr. Roosevelt is hatching a number of peace plans that, if an opportune moment comes, he will try to put into action.

It is reported here that the followers of Mr. Albizu Campos, the jailed Puerto Rican independence leader, expect to go to the Buenos Aires conference. There, before their Latin American brothers, they intend once more to convict the United States of imperialistic tyranny. Despite the patent fact that the administration has pursued an exceedingly generous, intelligent course in Puerto Rico, their presence in Buenos Aires will form an embarrassing commentary on the doctrine of the Good Neighbor.

There is a persistent campaign rumor in Washington that between November 3 and the counting of the electoral votes that will take place early in December, the presidential electors of Vermont have it in mind to meet and reverse their vote, thus making Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection unanimous.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

The Deluded Liberals—Roosevelt's Failure to Measure Up—Who's to Control America? —A Vote for Thomas

I INSIST that the most disconcerting phenomenon of this year is the parade of the left-wingers behind the banner of Franklin Roosevelt. As I have read, week after week, the announcements of support by leading liberal and radical thinkers my wonder and despair have grown.

In fairness it must be said these men and women have crumpled up into the Roosevelt bandwagon under the spell of an unconquerable hope that he may yet do something for them. I admit at once that in ordinary times one may well put a man's good and bad deeds into a scale and give him his vote if the balance be on the side of good deeds.

I think it quite reasonable ordinarily to concede that one cannot achieve at a stroke all the objectives he cherishes and that, therefore, the practical thing to do is to get behind that candidate who seems to offer the best chance to accomplish the largest realizable part of his hopes.

I also recognize that we live in a very solid world of pressing, every-day facts and that, pending the arrival of the millennium, the world will be ruled by the administrators of today and not the ideals of tomorrow. Faced with a choice between two men for four years, ordinarily we ought to choose the one who seems for the time being the better of the two. But these are not ordinary times.

I believe that liberals have persistently fooled themselves, and for the most generous motives, about Mr. Roosevelt. And I marvel at the stubbornness with which they cling to their illusions about him. Thus when the abominable N.R.A. was projected, I was cautioned by liberals not to attack it; that while it seemed to be a Chamber of Commerce victory, the administration was merely trying to get the rats into the trap, after which it would crack down on the rats. Of course this turned out to be not a trap for the rats, but rather a paradise for them. But this did not prevent the same men from swallowing with equal zest similar assurances of the President about many other projects.

I am prepared to admit that liberals are right in believing Mr. Roosevelt has a pious wish to do something for the common man, but it is frustrated by a horror lest, in the process, he might do some sort of hurt to those who exploit the common man. The President, like a good many honest liberals and tories, is shocked by some of the abuses that have crept into our system. He is willing to give an uncertain support to some very benevolent social devices, most of them such as any honest and generously geared conservative might join in. On all this liberals have placed the most generous interpretation, and coupling it with a few friendly appointments of the President, the hatred of big business and the support of the labor leaders, they have been willing to hug their illusions for another election at least.

But I think they are wrong and that they will rue the day they made this choice. They have made the choice on a collection of minor and unimportant matters and have, I think, completely ignored the far more important subject which ought to be the ground for a choice in this election.

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Of course the President has done some good things. It would have been strange indeed if, coming into office in the midst of so vast a disaster to the capitalist system, he did not move in some approvable directions.

Whatever might have been done was the gift, not of Mr. Roosevelt or any man, but of the times. Events, the dramatic failure of the old guard, the millions of unemployed flung out by the old system in its death throes, the imperious wave of opinion which swept over the nation for action and change—the terrible thing about Franklin D. Roosevelt is that he took all this magnificent energy for reform and hitched it to two dreadful wagons—the N.R.A. and the A.A.A.

In approving him because of his good securities act, his dubious stock-exchange act, his blundering social-security act, his futile utility holding-company act and his perfectly good but very modest T.V.A., the liberals are passing over some things far more essential.

I insist we are living in the midst of great molding forces; that we have to place Mr. Roosevelt in relation to those forces. This is the essential choice. And on this essential matter I see nothing to choose between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon. I think Mr. Roosevelt's voice is better, but that Mr. Landon's smile is nicer than Mr. Roosevelt's theatrical one. I think Mr. Roosevelt, as a conservative, is a little bit more liberal than Mr. Landon. But I think he is also more unstable and less to be trusted. I would have nothing to do with the selection of either.

The great choice which confronts the peoples of every country today is—who is to control their economic societies? By control I mean conscious, deliberate, planned control. In the past, societies have worked more or less in the interest of the business groups. But they have not worked so well. Now all sections and almost all schools, save a few moss-covered ancients, are convinced that a deliberate and conscious regulation of the economic society must be undertaken. But the unsettled question is—who will get possession of the instruments of control?

In Europe the choice assumes the form of a life and death struggle between fascist and communist or socialist. In America the struggle is as yet a little obscure. But essentially the war is the same. Will our economic society be ruled by the democratic society itself? Or will the power of control be surrendered into the hands of organized profit-seeking groups? Will the control be in the interest of society and its toiling masses? Or will it be in the interests of profits and investments? Will it be in the interest of the production of wealth for the nation or will it be in the interest of "prices" and "values"?

In this country there has been a powerful movement by business to deliver control of our economic life into the hands of organized business. They call this movement "self-rule" in business. It is, I sincerely believe, the most sinister movement in our midst.

At bottom of it is the thesis that our economic society should be considered apart from our political society; that it should be provided with a separate governing mechanism, subject generally and loosely to the state, but kept apart from its political instrumentalities. This economic society would be divided naturally into economic provinces, as the political society is divided into geographic provinces. These provinces ought to be endowed with the right of self-rule. This is self-rule in business.

But if we are to have economic provinces and self-rule in those provinces, we shall first have to determine who are the citizens of those provinces. Are they the owners and managers and corporation officials? Or are they all the men and women—managers, owners, workers—in those provinces? And if we are to have self-rule, is not the rule to be exercised by all the citizens? And what will you say of the insolence of those who demand that this rule be entrusted to a handful of employers and owners and corporation officials and glorify that rule by the name of self-rule? Yet this is the favorite cult of organized business. On this question Mr. Roosevelt has made his choice and he clings to it. He is for this "self-rule" of our economic provinces by organized business.

Many are confused by the opposition of big business to him. Mr. Roosevelt has not been necessarily for the surrender of this economic government into the hands of big business. He is for turning it over to business—little as well as big. But I am opposed to surrendering into the hands of little business, into the hands of profit-hunting groups, big or little, the power to make and to enforce laws affecting the economic areas dominated by innumerable trade associations.

In essence that was the N.R.A. Labor was indeed given certain very empty and unrealizable guarantees, but it was accorded no part in the functions of government. That was turned over to the trade associations. And that was only the beginning. Having put one foot upon that road every step thereafter must be in the direction of completing the journey, strengthening that system. Fortunately that bad enterprise was stopped by the Supreme Court, *by a unanimous decision* be it remembered.

I am told this is water over the dam. I deny that. The President tried to revive his pet idea with the Guffey act. That was knocked out, but not by a unanimous decision. Now he seeks to revive it again by another Guffey act in which the right to govern the coal industry, to fix prices, production, trade practices is put into the hands of the coal owners' association, with *the guarantees to labor left out.*

This act—the N.R.A.—was the one thing the President pressed with great energy. It was the Roosevelt revolution. It consumed the energies of the first two years of his administration to the exclusion of almost everything else. I am convinced that he still regards it as the one thing closest to his own convictions. I am satisfied he will try to revive it one way or another. And I believe that all the resistance to his essentially fascist conception of government, which resistance was found in the Democratic Party and among certain Republican insurgents, has been wiped out by Mr. Roosevelt's surrender to the philosophy. I believe it will take a generation to rid our society of the poisonous effects of Mr. Roosevelt's espousal of the principle of getting prosperity by scarcity and getting stability by trade-association self-rule in business. I believe these two policies constituted the most serious betrayal of liberalism in half a century. And I for one will never cast my vote for the man who was guilty of that betrayal.

How, then, can a man vote? To vote for Thomas, I am told, is to waste one's vote. I do not think so. It is, I feel, the only way to vote and not waste one's vote. I am

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not a Socialist. But I shall vote for Norman Thomas. I believe the best use to make of the ballot next Tuesday is to cast it so as to confront whoever is elected—Roosevelt or Landon—with a large vote for Norman Thomas. That will be a good thing for the soul of either one of these gentlemen. JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

The Republicans in this country have never been afraid to have a Jeffersonian Democrat in the presidency.—*Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Sims, in a radio address.*

Men being what they are, the Fascist is not perfect. But at least he has applied his violence to the enemies of society. . . . In a restored social order fascism may beget a new aristocracy of gentlemen-at-arms.—*Hoffman Nickerson, in The American Review.*

We are confident that an increase in recruiting and the speeding up of the rearmament program would do more to steady the European situation than almost anything else. —*The Glasgow, Scotland, Herald.*

Colonel Knox's greatest meeting of the day was at Asbury Park, where a cheering crowd of 40,000 gathered at the Convention Hall on the seashore to greet him.—*News report in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Leaving Jersey City at 12:30, Colonel Knox proceeded to Asbury Park, where he addressed a crowd of 4,000 at Convention Hall.—*Report in The New York Times of the same day.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT?

Nazis consider that any man who has lived to the age of 26 without getting married "lacks courage and determination." Therefore as a matter of principle, they will be refused admission to a special course of training in Nazi leadership.—*U.P. dispatch in The New York World Telegram.*

Hear Hitler Will Quit as Reich Chancellor in Favor of Goering.—*Headline in the same paper the same day.*

FOND OF DANCING AND LIGHT RIOTS

Headlines tell of lefts and rights fighting in the streets of Paris. These conflicts, however, appear to be little if anything more than the usual demonstrations and counter-demonstrations that have been entertaining Paris for the past three or four years.—*Mrs. Alice Longworth, in her syndicated column.*

THE NAME IS MACLOOSH

Archibald MacLash Is to Vote for Roosevelt.

Archibald MacLeash of Farmington, poet and one of the editors of Fortune Magazine, will vote for President Roosevelt. . . . *Headline and part of the article under it, appearing in The Stamford, Conn., Advocate.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

How They Are Voting

SIR: I have been reading in your columns during the last few weeks the reason given by various liberal leaders in this country for their votes in the presidential campaign. I want to say that, in all my experience, I have seldom seen an exhibition quite so disillusioning as this. If we are looking for evidences of the bankruptcy of liberalism, of the collapse of contemporary middle-class intellectualism, here it is.

In these statements, I find scarcely a trace of principle or ideal; the point of view is almost invariably expediency. I discover no clear-cut philosophy of life; these minds have thought nothing through, and therefore in a crisis grope and stumble. I look in vain for the note of leadership; these men are themselves pathetically eager only to follow.

The consensus of opinion in favor of Mr. Roosevelt is unimpressive when viewed against this background of confused ideas, flabby impulses and desperate rationalizations. If these correspondents of yours are any sample, our liberals are apparently ready to lie back, take the best or the least bad of anything that chances to come along, and pray resignedly that

. . . somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. . . .

You did a bad turn for us all when you asked these liberals to come down from their ivory towers and state the faith that is in them. If this is what we are, God help us and the world!

New York City. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Texas and the Red Scare

SIR: With full effulgence and glory, the beating of goatskin drums and the tooting of cheap tin horns, the Red scare has hit the state of Texas. The legislature, convened in special session to enact legislation to meet the federal old-age-security act, and possibly to take up slum clearance and housing, instead carries on a nightly circus "to investigate the teaching of communism at the University," under the leadership of an obscure lame duck. . . .

The newspapers are not giving any sympathy to this new scare. Public opinion is holding up, and there is a universal sickness of the stomach over people being called communists for having an idea or two. Likewise, the professor against whom the legislative committee is directing its wind is one of the most popular citizens in Texas and a very practical teacher of economics. Verily, this Red scare is doomed to die a-bornin'.

San Antonio, Tex. MAURY MAVERICK.

Socialists as Realists

SIR: When veterans of bitter political fights rejoice in climbing into the same political bed as that occupied by the rotund forms of Jim Farley and Joe Robinson, ordinary explanations will not suffice. What has happened to these leftist veterans that they now find in the Democratic Party (a party that just the other day they were calling the "left wing of the capitalist bird of prey") their New Jerusalem? Hurriedly they assure you that nothing has happened to them; that by voting the Democratic ticket, they are not voting the Democratic ticket. They are voting, it seems, for a "symbol."

Ironically enough, all this elaborate rationalization of a most human desire to get aboard the bandwagon is made in the name of *Realpolitik*. "We are all realpolitikers now." Former Socialists, holy-rolling for Roosevelt, are using the very arguments that they scornfully rejected in their radical youth. "Don't throw your vote away on Debs; we must elect Bryan and save the country from despotism." "Be a realist and vote for Woodrow Wilson and the New Freedom." "A vote for Thomas is a vote against the liberalism of Al Smith."

The history of independent political action on the part of American liberals and laborites is a long one. And it may be summed up by the tragic line, "They went forth to battle but they always

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fell." Until this fantastic year, however, it had yet to record any instance of an independent political movement going forth to battle pledged in advance to the unqualified support of one of two old parties. Whatever may be said about the strategy or tactics of the leaders of political insurgency in the past, at least these leaders knew what they wanted and had the courtesy to inform their rank and file about their general direction. Almost invariably their immediate and minimum demands were for the social ownership of natural resources, transportation and utilities. They saw no hope in either of the two old parties for the attainment of such a program. Their program may have been cockeyed and Utopian but at any rate it was a program.

What remains for those who have turned their back on years of faithful service to the radical movement and are now securely aboard the Democratic bandwagon? No doubt the thrill of unwonted experience of being on the winning side. The lot of "the inside pig," to use an old I.W.W. expression, is presumably a happy one. It's probably fun to sit around with the big shots at Washington and Hyde Park and New York and see your name listed as "among those present" after so often finding it under the words, "Others arrested were—" But after all there isn't much solid nourishment in pottage like this.

This is not to say that American radicalism should continue its sectarianism or remain in its anything but splendid isolation. A great number of card-carrying Socialists who are working for Norman Thomas this campaign are doing yeomen's work in the liberal and labor movements today. Socialists are among the top organizers in the C.I.O. After all, industrial unionism was written into the Socialist program years before the present leaders of the Democratic Party ever began to spell out the difference between a vertical and a horizontal union. A Socialist named Debs had quite a lot to say about it. Socialists are organizing, educating, agitating among farmers, the middle class, the unemployed And not the least of their objectives is the formation of a farmer-labor party with a genuinely socialist program They do not see such a party in the field this year. Because they are Socialists, not Landonites, Rooseveltians, Lemkeites or Communists, their men are Thomas and Nelson. Because they are Socialists they are not interested in "stopping" this man or that. They are interested in the *Realpolitik* of abolishing capitalism.

New York City. McALISTER COLEMAN.

Courteous Republican

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

SIR: Referring to the remarkably asinine editorial offer in your last issue to send $5 to anyone who will name any person with a progressive reputation who will vote for Landon I suggest the name of Amos Pinchot. If your offer is on the square and you are not a perfect example of a cheap fourflusher as every decent American must think you are, send me the $5. I sincerely hope your shameful communistic sheet is soon driven into bankruptcy and deserved oblivion and I challenge you to publish this telegram.

Chicago, Ill. CLARENCE N. BOORD.

[The New Republic is not a "communistic sheet."

We did not offer our prize for the name of "any person with a progressive reputation."

Amos Pinchot had already been nominated by a number of persons before this telegram was received on October 19.

We publish it in spite of, and not because of, Mr. Boord's use of the dreary old platitude about challenging us to do so. In common with the editors of most periodicals, it is our general rule to throw into the wastebasket letters containing this sort of peremptory demand.—THE EDITORS.]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A copy of a letter to President Roosevelt, in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Statue of Liberty at which he is expected to be present, pointing out that the statue is a symbol of this country as a haven for the oppressed and for political refugees, is sent us by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. The signers of the letter, who include John Dewey, Robert Morss Lovett, Roger Baldwin and Vito Marcantonio, urge the President "to declare that the masses of the American people are opposed to the present widespread alien-baiting and persecution of the foreign-born."

Joseph Lewis, of the Freethought Press Association, writes that election day should be changed from a weekday to Sunday, because "at the present time it is not only a hardship and an inconvenience to thousands of men and women with business connections to vote, but it also causes a disruption to normal business activities."

An exhibition of representative work of writers all over the country for the American Guide and the New York City Guide, both products of the Federal Writers' Projects, is announced to us by Orrick Johns, the director. It is being held in the New York Public Library until November 15.

Oliver Jenkins, of Berkeley, California, writes to express his disagreement with Waldo Frank's open letter to Léon Blum in The New Republic for October 7, which he calls "Communist face-saving." Mr. Jenkins says that if Blum intervened in Spain, as Mr. Frank thinks he should, the Communist-supported People's Front would fall through loss of the support of the Radical Socialists, and so Mr. Frank can't logically agree with both policies. Mr. Jenkins himself is against the People's Front as a policy of class-collaboration, and also expresses disgust that the Soviet Union has not intervened in Spain—and that Mr. Frank defends this. . . . William Raoul, of Navesink, New Jersey, liked Mr. Frank's letter, but he, too, disagrees with the non-intervention of the Soviet Union, and with Mr. Frank for approving it. . . . August Fast, of Denver, Colorado, declares his opposition to any intervention by the United States in Spain, saying that our first duty is to our country.

The Literary Digest poll shows that Roosevelt will be reëlected, Richard Ashman, of New Orleans, writes us, since even among the conservative section of voters polled the percentage shift from Democratic to Republican in 1936 is not sufficient to overcome the lead that Roosevelt actually had four years ago, though the Digest poll shows Landon ahead. Mr. Ashman hopes Roosevelt will remember that he owes his reëlection to labor.

Since we asked intellectuals for whom they were voting, but didn't ask any manual workers, B. C. Bennem, a locomotive scoop-shovel operator, volunteers the opinion that the greatest asset toward a genuine labor party would be a tremendous Socialist vote.

What's on the Air?

Dr. Richard Kovacs, professor of clinical therapy at Polyclinic Medical School in New York City, describes latest technique in "Physical Treatment of Arthritis." Thursday, October 29, 1:30 P.M., C.B.S.

John T. Flynn speaks in support of the presidential candidacy of Norman Thomas. Thursday, October 29, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M. over station WEVD in New York City.

Mayor Daniel W. Hoan of Milwaukee and George A Nelson, Socialist candidate for Vice President, speaking from Madison, Wisconsin. Sunday, November 1, 3:15 to 3:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Norman Thomas, candidate for President, addressing Socialist Party rally in Madison Square Garden, New York City. Sunday, November 1, 4:45 to 5 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

On election eve, Monday, November 2, Governor Landon and Colonel Knox will be heard in final appeals for the Republican Party over the N.B.C.-Red Network from 10 to 11 P. M. They will be followed by President Roosevelt and Vice President Garner in a monster radio rally staged by the Democratic National Committee from 11 P. M. to midnight and heard over both the Red and Blue networks of N.B.C., as well as all stations of C.B.S.

Election returns will be broadcast at intervals throughout the evening of Tuesday, November 3, by both N.B.C. and C.B.S., as well as virtually every radio station in the country. Network broadcasting schedules usually end at 1 A. M., but if the election is close, the Columbia Broadcasting System has promised to remain on the air until a President is elected.

Special program on theme, "Public Opinion and the Town Meeting," to inaugurate second season of America's Town Meeting of the Air series. Thursday, November 5, 9 to 10 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Crown and Girder

Tovarich, by Jacques Deval, English text by Robert E. Sherwood. The Plymouth Theatre, October 15, 1936.

Iron Men, by Francis Gallagher. Longacre Theatre, October 19, 1936.

"TOVARICH" is one of those theatre occasions born with a silver spoon in their mouths. It enjoys the directing of Mr. Gilbert Miller, who is at his best in this particular theatre vein, where good taste, cosmopolitan sophistication and easy knowledge and tact are needed. It is charming in its slant on the material and is pleasantly romantic without reaching to the demands of poetry. Implicit in the story is the thesis, grateful to us, that the aristocratic is a quality rather than an individual and that this quality survives the din and mud of revolution and downfall in a mere world of men. The whole nature of the play, the production, directing and the acting, is such as to send people smiling and beaming with the sense of a successful tea party. We believe none of it but we believe all, because it is about what we want to believe. Moreover, from the reports of the Paris version, this English text has undergone some happy changes and shadings.

The story of "Tovarich" deals with a Russian general and an imperial grand duchess who have dropped into ruin but love each other. She filches artichokes and other bits at the markets, and so on and so on, though it turns out that the traders' bills for these losses are duly sent to the French government—making it the host after all of these delicious creatures, so warm, so fluent, so sad. There is an advertisement in the papers for a couple; they write their own reference and get the position, room, security, central heating; and then of course in due time they are recognized. Naturally the rich bourgeois couple served thus imperially find themselves flattered and mocked by the very idea. In the end, according to the play, all is well, for the master and mistress invite the servants to stay on, which we are to believe they do happily, what with loving each other and having the kingdom of heaven within them.

There are many really lovable and delightful implications in the play, such, for example, as the motif of the Russians bringing to the service of their employers the same tender finesse that they had used at court serving their beloved Tsar; a motif that has curious possibilities in many directions: as a comment on service where love is present, a comment on the obliteration of the self in the presence of one's office, a comment on the amelioration of the hard edge of the middle class when it comes into contact with a gentle and undeniable quality, of feeling, et cetera, et cetera. As the story goes, the daughter of the house falls in love with the butler, the son with the butler's wife, with the admirations and championings that would follow that situation. Since the author is French, in the French theatre, it is doubtless too much to ask, but a motif consisting only of the keeping of these empty young people of an empty house at home in the evenings because something had arrived there that made home a reality, would be a much more interesting modern theme. The theme of the Commissar (superbly and accurately played by Mr. Cecil Humphreys, who creates the role in a manner that might fit into a tremendous modern drama and yet keeps it wholly within the tone of the present comedy) is packed with profound meanings, some of which might, at least conceivably, be disconcerting to the international know-alls. A clever motif, keeping an eye, that is, on the bourgeois audience, has been effected by making the Russian hero the guardian of four billion francs entrusted to him by the Tsar and deposited in the Bank of France. At any moment of the play he could draw on it. The fact that he does not, leaves him a hero and us easy about him.

Mr. John Halliday as the husband gives an excellent performance. Miss Marta Abba, after struggling hard with the first few moments, rather embarrassingly arch, of the play, comes then into a performance that is increasingly subtle, touching and wide, and that more than anything else about the occasion suggests depth as well as wit.

You could not imagine a greater difference than there is between this toothsome play of sweet, enchanting wreckage and what "Iron Men" provides. I should advise those who have read discouraging reviews of "Iron Men" to go and see it for themselves. As a play it is often straying and uncertain, but with a sense of dialogue, and with a subtlety that turns more or less hackneyed motivations into a direction subtle and complex. What might seem a mere matter of the gang hero and king, Andy, is not really so at all; we have in Andy a power of feeling, a loyalty and a progression of emotional states that belong to the serious theatre. Few characters in the American drama have been as interesting or as full of possibility. Mr. William Haade, hitherto a member of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers, Local 40, and never on a stage before, plays this role. At times he shows a slight inequality to be expected in an amateur; otherwise he plays with a point, a reality, a reading for the sense—rare gift as that is—an image and a steady attack that are wholly compelling. There were a number of other good performances, all in the realistic direction.

Mr. Geddes' setting for the barroom was realism in its straightest impact, true to the letter of fact and at the same time dramatic to the play. The other setting showed the steel girders where the workmen of Andy's gang lived out the complex day, high in the air. The scene develops until at the end of the play the skeleton has moved much farther toward completion. Foolish spectators might take for granted the remarkable skill with which this structure works and carries through its difficult stage purposes. It is not true that the setting is superimposed on the play, or that Mr. Geddes is showing off his vast accomplishments in décor and stage mechanism. The argument here becomes grave, however, since the trouble turns not on the setting itself but on its lack of integration with the drama. Perhaps in the producer's soul a fear of artifice worked here. To be nervous about artifice in a play is like shying off from a body's skeleton. As design itself, in these days of jargon and platitude about the machine, this setting is remarkable in that it escapes the banal and does not invite the platitudes of the small-fry art critics and interpreters chattering among the raw steel frames like marmosets in a forest. This scene is high, hot and bare, and seems to free and isolate in the talk of the men those things that are hidden, fresh, doggedly repeated over and over.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Poe in Mississippi

AMONG all the empty and witless tags attached to living American authors, perhaps the most misleading is that of Southern Realist as applied to William Faulkner. He writes about one section of the South—that much is true—and he writes in what often seems to be a mood of utter distaste. But critics have no excuse for confusing realism wtih revulsion, or rather with the mixture of violent love and violent hatred that Faulkner bears toward his native state. No, there is only one possible justification for classing him with the novelists who try to copy the South without distortion. It lies in the fact that he can and does write realistically when his daemon consents. He can and does give us the exact tone of Mississippi voices, the feel of a Mississippi landscape, the look of an old plantation house rotting among sedge-grown fields. On occasion he even gives us Mississippi humor (like the scene between Uncle Bud and the three madams, in "Sanctuary") that is as broad and native as anything preserved from the days of the steamboat gamblers. But Faulkner's daemon does not often permit him to be broadly humorous or to echo the mild confusions of daily life. The daemon forces him to be always intense, to write in a wild lyrical style, to omit almost every detail that does not contribute to a single effect of somber violence and horror.

And this gives us a clue to Faulkner's real kinship. He belongs with the other writers who try to produce this single and somber effect—that is, with the "satanic" poets from Byron to Baudelaire, and with the "black" or "terrifying" novelists from Monk Lewis and the Hoffman of the "Tales" to Edgar Allan Poe. The daemon that haunts him is the ghost of the haunted castle—though it is also Poe's raven and Manfred's evil spirit. And the daemon is especially prominent in his new novel.[1] Not only is "Absalom, Absalom!" in many ways the strongest, the most unified and characteristic of his twelve books, but it is also the most romantic, in the strict historical sense of the word.

Thomas Sutpen, in 1833, comes riding into a little Mississippi town with twenty coal-black Negroes straight from the jungle. He despises his new neighbors, who in turn regard him as Satan in the flesh. He is the lonely Byronic hero with his mind coldly fixed on the achievement of one design. And the plantation house built with the help of his naked slaves—the great mansion literally hewn from the swamps—is the haunted castle that was described so often in early nineteenth-century romances. Like other haunted castles, Sutpen's Hundred is brooded over by a curse. Years ago in the West Indies, Thomas Sutpen had deserted his wife and his infant son after discovering that they had Negro blood. He now marries again; he has two children and a hundred square miles of virgin land; but in the midst of his triumph the curse begins to operate: the deserted son reappears and tries to marry his own half-sister. Here the note of incest suggests Byron, but elsewhere it is Poe whose spirit seems closest to the story—especially at the end, where Sutpen's Hundred collapses like the House of Usher. And indeed one might say that Faulkner is Poe in Mississippi—Poe modernized with technical and psychological devices imported from Joyce's Dublin and Freud's Vienna.

But this is a great deal different from saying with Granville Hicks that Faulkner is "in danger of becoming a Sax Rohmer for the sophisticated." It is different from saying that "he is not primarily interested in representative men and women; certainly he is not interested in the forces that have shaped them." Hicks's judgment seems to be based on the false theory that romantic authors are always trying to evade the life of their own times. The truth is that they know and can write about nothing else. The men and women they present in romantic disguises are their own selves, with their friends, mistresses and enemies. The issues they deal with are derived from their own lives and are frequently social as well as personal or pathological. And the general result is that romantic novels are likely to be written on two planes, with one subject below, in the foreground, and above it another subject that is half-revealed by conscious or unconscious symbolism.

In Faulkner's new book, the second or hidden subject is the decline of the South after the Civil War. Sutpen's Hundred, the mansion that rotted and finally burned, is obviously a symbol of Southern culture. Thomas Sutpen himself seems to represent the Southern ruling caste, though here the symbolism is confused by the fact that he also represents the proud Byronic hero hated by his fellow men. But it is clear enough that Sutpen's curse is a result of his relations with Negroes, and that he is finally murdered by a poor white. Forty years later, when his mansion collapses in flames, the only survivor among his descendants is Jim Bond, a half-witted mulatto. And one of the other characters tells us, on the last page, "I think that in time the Jim Bonds are going to conquer the western hemisphere. . . . In a few thousand years I who regard you will also have sprung from the loins of African kings."

But Faulkner is not presenting this picture as the reasoned conclusion of an essay on the South. He is not arguing that Southern society was ruined by its own injustice toward the Negroes, nor again that a mixed race will survive after the heirs have vanished from the great plantations. He is not arguing anything whatever. He is giving us perceptions rather than ideas, and their value is not statistical but emotional. To the critic their importance lies in the fact that they explain a great deal not only about "Absalom, Absalom!" but also about Faulkner's earlier novels. His violence here and elsewhere is not a means of arousing pointless horror: it is an expression of a whole society which the author sincerely loves and hates and which he perceives to be in a state of catastrophic decay.

But Faulkner's new book falls considerably short of the powerful mood that it might have achieved. Possibly this is because he has failed to find a satisfactory relationship between the horror story in the foreground and the vaster theme that it conceals: the two subjects interfere with each other. But the partial failure of "Absalom, Absalom!" is chiefly explained by the style in which his daemon forced him to write it—a strained, involved, ecstatic style in which colloquialisms and deliberate grammatical errors are mingled with words too pretentious even for Henry James. Too often it seems that Faulkner, in the process of evoking an emotion in himself, has ignored the equally important task of evoking it in the reader.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

[1] Absalom, Absalom! by William Faulkner. New York: Random House. $2.50.

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The Anatomy of Disaster

World Politics: 1918-1936, by R. Palme Dutt. New York: Random House. 389 pages. $2.50.

R. PALME DUTT, talented British Communist from India, seeks to show how the progressive strangulation of capitalistic economies has driven the Powers toward catastrophe. Impoverishment breeds imperialism. Imperialism breeds war. War breeds impoverishment—embellished by fascism. From these come new imperialisms, arms races, fresh conflicts and an inescapable descent into bloody chaos—"We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement."

This exciting and profoundly depressing volume is not a history of diplomacy since the first imperialist war, but a lucid and suggestive interpretation of the black night settling over the world, with special attention to British foreign policy, the League of Nations, the fascist offensives and the role of the U.S.S.R. It is as brilliant a piece of Marxist analysis as the author's "Fascism and Social Revolution." It is persuasively written and full of useful facts, figures and pertinent quotations. It is rich in trenchant characterizations of the contemporary scene. It should be required reading for all who would comprehend the dynamics of the decline and fall of capitalist civilization. Dutt's thesis is:

> The problem of world politics is the problem of collective world organization. . . . Stable international coöperation is impossible under the conditions of imperialism. The reasons for this lie in the character of imperialism, *i.e.*, the formation of rival monopolistic groupings of capital around corresponding State mechanisms, and close interweaving of each grouping with its own State mechanism in order to utilize the maximum power to promote its competing aims and win a larger share of the world market, sources of raw materials, colonies or spheres of influence. This conflict is the reality of imperialist world politics.

A single world trust or cartel might make a World State conceivable under capitalism. But capitalism develops unevenly and rival national groups of monopolists come into conflict and make unity impossible. Imperialism must inevitably commit suicide. Only the proletariat can achieve world unity. Its immediate task is postponement or prevention of the second imperialist war. Its ultimate task is the achievement of world socialism, world order, world peace.

This diagnosis is unquestionably correct in its broad outlines. But Dutt, like other Marxists, sometimes clings to a needlessly simplified version of historical materialism and minimizes the indirect ideological and psychological consequences of the economic insecurities which he dissects. The Imperialist as Economic Man thirsts for markets. But imperialists who become romanticists thirst for prestige and glory and for the murderous fulfilment of mad dreams of desperate ruling classes. They thirst for power as an end *per se*—and therefore for the strategic components of power. The portrait of imperialism as economics is incomplete without the portraits of imperialism as military science and as psychopathology. And it is at least arguable that the world's disorder is as much a cause of the diseases of "capitalism" as it is a result. Marxism is a masterly analysis of symptoms. It is not necessarily a complete statement of the organic disease. There are obstacles to peace and unity in the Western state system older and perhaps more fundamental than capitalistic monopoly. But within limits and with qualifications, Dutt's thesis seems sound.

It is with regard to the "cure" proposed that most liberals will be skeptical. The liberal's unhappy lot is well exemplified by the circumstance that the present reviewer, often damned for radicalism by Tories, is held up by Dutt as a typical example of "the bankruptcy of the bourgeois mind" because he "recoils with unconcealed horror and anxiety" from world revolution. But neither Dutt nor Stalin nor the shades of Lenin and Marx can show how the unification of the world is to be achieved by this path. The propagation of world revolution from the Kremlin has failed and has, for all practical purposes, been abandoned. Moscow is busy shooting its renegades. The conquest of the world by the Red Army is not contemplated—nor would it be in the least likely to succeed under any imaginable conditions. The new diplomatic dependence of the U.S.S.R. on France and the "united front" against fascism with Social Democrats and liberals—hitherto excoriated but now forgiven for betraying their own cause—lead not to peace or unity or revolution but only to the rape of Ethiopia, the ascendancy of German and Italian fascism and the cowardly betrayal of the people of Spain by M. Blum *et Cie.* Are world revolution and unification to come after another world war? There will not be enough left of the wreckage to make much difference who rules the ruins.

To these riddles Marxism has no better answer than liberalism. Its dream is pure romance. There is no answer. World unity is indeed the prerequisite of the survival of contemporary civilization and there is no path toward it through Geneva or through Wall Street. But neither is there any path toward it through Moscow. The survival of western European civilization is not "inevitable"; there is more likelihood that it will perish. Mr. Dutt is courageous and hopeful as well as intelligent. In the face of catastrophe already upon him, his intelligence should tell him that his hope and courage are futile.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

The Life of Audubon

Audubon, by Constance Rourke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 342 pages, 12 colored plates. $3.

A TREMENDOUS industry and gift went into the making of this "Audubon," a fund of incident assembled and presented with imagination. Miss Rourke's account is romantic, but the life of her subject is that although his work is not. She is of the new school of biographers, resting her interpretation upon researches, but there are no footnotes to disturb the flow of the narrative, which often like a sublime Henty book takes the reader into harrowing adventure while the wife, the lovely Lucy, waits at home.

Audubon came of a mysterious origin. In the high pitch of his maturity, when controversies raged over his ornithology and his art, one of his enemies said that he derived from Nowhere. His father, or perhaps foster-father, was a marine merchant whose ships plied between France and the South Seas. The boy was thought to have come, as an illegitimate son of old Audubon, from a Spanish mother on the island of Santo Domingo, but he said of himself that his earliest memories were of the region about the city of Nantes. The mystery thickens as conjecture and reasoning apply to the few shadowy disclosures, until the author, Miss Rourke, makes out an admirable case for a

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more than noble origin. There was reason enough for secrecy during the French Revolution and through the Napoleonic Era, and reason still during the restoration in the person of Louis XVIII. The youth was adopted by the elder Audubon and given, legally, his name. His father's plans for him, that he become a naval officer, that he study mathematics, were little to his taste. He would absent himself from school to roam about the streams and woods searching out the wild life, which he delighted to represent in pencil or paint. Sent to America to chance his fortune—or to escape political difficulties—he found, not business opportunities as his father had hoped, but opportunities to penetrate the wild with his talent, to search out the postures of birds and animals and to make these known in their relations to the forests and watercourses.

He was then never satisfied with what he did and was continually struggling for some quantity which proved later to be design. Like himself, his art was without a clearly defined progenitor. A naturalist who was an artist and an artist who was by the way a naturalist, it would seem that he was teased by a confusion of purpose, mocked both by science and art. Miss Rourke places him as being of the Middle Ages, when science and art were not sharply divided, but all human craft was of one great body of learning. Audubon knew Daniel Boone, for he is known to have visited him in the backwoods of Missouri and is thought to have painted the best of the Boone portraits. Like Boone, he delighted to spy out the whole panorama of the wilderness, to find new ways, fresh vistas untroubled by commerce. But more, and beneath this encyclopedic flood of detailed observation and personal experience, there continued the passion to know the birds, to represent and interpret in color and line such matters as the wing in its relation to the sky and the bough, the beak in relation to movement in flight, the sinuous appearance of the waterfowl in relation to the wave, following the insistence of design. He had studied a short while under a certain David of Paris, but this art with its bold sweep was distasteful to him in his instinct for fine detail and purity of line.

Early there were the delights of travel among the rivers of the Ohio Basin, following the birds, free of care, and the pleasant social life of old Louisville and Shippingsport, at the Falls of the Ohio, the luxuries and amenities there. Born to luxuries, he knew how to use them. Days of privation that followed only added to the adventure and gave way at length to the pleasant encounters—birds and people—among the lower watercourses of the Mississippi Valley. He danced and taught music, he played the flute, the violin and the little flageolet. He was given to wit and jovial narrative. But between Louisville and Louisiana evil days fell upon the adventurer. There was the mill at Henderson that broke down frequently, that lacked patronage, that finally failed. A steamboat that he owned was sold for money which proved to be worthless. Laborers stole his logs and his oxen in one act of thieving, and at length he lost the mill, his house, his furniture, his paints, crayons and pencils. Stripped to the clothes he wore, his gun and notebook of drawings, he was arrested for debt and sent to Louisville to be jailed. Friends rescued him in this extremity, and he and the patient Lucy decided that, having lost all his worldly goods, he would now hazard all the rest on the great work of his life and set forth in earnest to capture and paint the birds of America. It was by reason of his exuberant and abundant nature that he had a peculiar gift for having his pocket picked and his portfolio stolen.

Maturity came suddenly. The account becomes breathless before the onrush of his tremendous gifts and his copious ambitions. The vast difficulties of the publication of so costly a work seemed never to daunt him, nor the bitter attacks from rivals and their satellites. There was experience of birds, animals, reptiles, flowers, mosses, trees, stones, bird nests, feathers and corals, from the Florida Keys to Labrador and inland among the rivers. There were literally thousands of sketches and drawings and paintings, sold or given lavishly to friends, and out of the vast welter arose the gigantic work, the "Birds." The work was an epic realization of a new continent coming to a high pitch in color and line. Human energy has seldom had such manifestation. His pact seemed to have been with some divine creative power.

Thus Miss Rourke's gracious account. The volume is richly adorned with color prints from the master's work.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

A Letter to Jules Romains

The Earth Trembles, by Jules Romains (Men of Good Will, Vol. V). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DEAR Jules Romains: As one man of good will to another, I should like to share with you some of the perplexities I have felt in reading your novel. Before anything else, however, I want to say that I have read all the volumes that have appeared with considerable enjoyment and profit. I find much in your work to admire. Few men could write so competently of so many phases of contemporary life. None, perhaps, could write more fully and evocatively of Paris, or do greater justice to its multiple and concentrated life, to its place as one of the magnetic centers of Europe.

But your work seems to me to lack certain things. I should like to be able to detect a pattern into which your novel would somehow tend to shape itself, and not simply lie scattered in the field of the reader's memory, like a scrambled heap of objects left by a cyclone. I should like, above all, to feel a certain intensity, a passion—that something, whatever it is, that communicates life to works of fiction, which I find in Balzac, Zola and Proust (whom you mention in your preface) but which I do not feel, or feel only at moments, in your novel.

Certainly your book is very good in its way, but it is not what you had led us to expect. You had, if I am not mistaken, promised us a novel, not of individuals, but of society—of the whole society of our time. You were going to give us something *new*, a new form, lending itself more adequately than the antiquated hand-made models that served as vehicles for Balzac and his heirs, to the portraying of groups, social classes, the populations of cities and countrysides. Some of your earlier works had led us to expect something interesting in the way of a new form for such an undertaking.

There are in your book, to be sure, odd chapters here and there—particularly those devoted to the description of Paris at various hours and seasons, and to occasional groups and crowds, their emotions and movements—that are novel in conception and execution. But this does not alter the fact that nine-tenths of your space is devoted to individuals who spend an unconscionable amount of time in introspection on matters largely pertaining to their very vulnerable egos. It does not alter the fact that aside from a few isolated fragments your novel gives the impression

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of being a collection of regional, adventure, mystery, and political novels, with a few *romans d'alcove* and other pulps thrown in, which have been cut up into fragments and put together according to some mysterious design which neither I nor any other critic whom I have come across has been able to discover.

You are leading up, I understand, to the outbreak of the World War, and you are devoting these first books to showing life as it was lived before the catastrophe, and your theme, as far as I can guess it, is that all these people who, in a sense, were responsible for the War, were, with notable exceptions, men of good will who would have prevented the War if they could have but who for one reason or another couldn't—or didn't. This is one of the things about which I am particularly puzzled. Obviously the War was not stopped, and most men did not want war. You are writing, as you imply in your preface, in order that some light and understanding may result, in order that men of good will may learn to recognize one another, "so that this world, of which they are the merit and the salt, may not perish."

I confess that I, for one, have not in the course of the first 2,500 pages, received any substantial enlightenment on this point. Perhaps I am too impatient, and I am quite willing to suspend my judgment. But I am surprised that in your novel, which covers a period during which there was a great deal of social ferment and of social and political organizational activity—including an international socialist peace movement of some magnitude—you have devoted so little space to these things. You seem to be more familiar with people who live relatively isolated lives, or people—like politicians—who manipulate the lives of others than with those who can advance themselves only by organizing for their common interest.

I thought, at the beginning of this last volume, that you were at last coming to grips with essential *social* manifestations of modern life. The book opens with a description of the northern suburbs of Paris, which is the world of the workers, and you picture its peculiar relationship of intimacy and antagonism to the world of capital. "Two polar systems had arisen," you write, "two definite concentrations of power and material resources. . . . Contradictory in their respective essences, they stood at bay across a few miles of seething humanity."

In the next chapter you come to the great railroad strike. You do it up in five short pages, but the final paragraph seems to indicate that you are about to deal with themes more broadly social. Again, however, we are plunged back into the world of private meditation: into the intimacy of Briand's mind, then that of Gurau, and then the consciousness of a girl-baby in the process of being born. From then on the story plies back and forth between ministerial offices and drawing rooms and bedrooms, with occasional excursions into broader fields. You have a trick of making momentous social events hinge upon the whims and vagaries of individuals in power—for example, you have Gurau run off to Lucerne for three days with Mme. Godorp to make her his mistress, and because of this little amorous adventure Europe is nearly plunged into a war. In a social novel, this seems to me a serious distortion.

But I do not want to forejudge your "Men of Good Will." I have confidence that if you portray society faithfully you will be led to show that men become conscious, that they become *human,* in the measure in which they recognize their fellowship and work together to shape their collective destiny.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER.

On Social Security

Insecurity: A Challenge to America, by Abraham Epstein. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 821 pages. $4.

WITH THE social-security law now a football of politics between the Republicans and the Democrats, additional importance attaches to the revised version of Mr. Epstein's monumental work, first issued in 1933. The author has added a 135-page supplement describing the new federal law in detail and bluntly pointing out its inadequacies. Since his criticism parallels closely that in the pages of The New Republic at the time of its passage and subsequently, it need not be repeated here in detail. Mr. Epstein feels that "the defects involved in the old-age-retirement plan can easily be remedied. . . . The unemployment-insurance provisions, however, are fundamentally wrong in every respect." He says further:

> The unnecessary blunders in the Act must affect adversely the fate of a constructive social-insurance movement in the United States. Its administrative perplexities, coupled with its economic and social fallacies, will tend to create a good deal of antagonism toward the entire movement. . . . In the face of an aroused public antagonism, [an adverse Supreme Court] decision might deal a death blow to the entire movement for many years, as in the case of the Prohibition Amendment, the National Child Labor Act and the N.R.A.

Mr. Epstein, of course, is oceans away from Governor Landon in his criticism of the social-security law. The Governor, who knows next to nothing on the subject himself, offers an alternative plan far worse and more unworkable than the present statute. Mr. Epstein, the country's leading expert on this whole subject, would have the law rewritten in the light of the experience of nearly every other civilized country on earth, not one of which is now working along the lines of the new American law.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Poor Man of the Pampas

The Gaucho Martín Fierro, by José Hernández, translated by Walter Owen, with drawings by Alberto Guiraldes. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 326 pages. $3.

"THINGS reveal themselves passing away." This saying which W. B. Yeats considered to be full of meaning applies to the primitive life formerly led by a sturdy race of men in the illimitable spaces of Argentina. On the eve of their destruction, there arose to defend them a sensitive man of considerable education, who had seen at close range the modes and mores of the gauchos. Under the pressure of an impelling idea, José Hernández, in the very midst of political conspiracies against a government hostile to the interests he represented, wrote the first book of a folk epos. "The Gaucho Martín Fierro" is a masterpiece in more than one sense. As a poetic account of the life of the pampa men, it gained immediate popularity for its authenticity. Ever since the publication (1872) of this sustained summation of an existence fading away, the Argentinians have yearned for the treasure once theirs and now converted into a precious memory of their sources as a people.

José Hernández wrote the last epic of Western culture. If ever an outstanding work was inspired by a thesis and a

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theme, it is this one. Outraged by the policies of the government and the lawyers intent upon despoiling the pampa men of their possessions by accusing them of being hostile to modern civilization, José Hernández wrote a defense and justification of the gauchos. These men who roamed the plains, broke colts, hunted ostriches, fought Indians, murdered fellow gauchos in single combat, chafed as imprisoned eagles when conscripted for frontier posts, these gauchos of hot tempers and tested courage, with a heavy sprinkling of superstitious beliefs, were at heart tender and sentimental. Like the heroes of the *chansons de geste* the gauchos wept copiously. But "The Gaucho Martín Fierro," unlike "The Lay of the Cid" and "The Lay of Roland," presents the indomitable bravery and fertile resourcefulness of men oppressed by a social policy favoring their enemies. It is strictly the saga of the poor man of the pampa. Untold suffering and misfortune harass them without crushing their spirit of adventure and love of liberty. José Hernández, when sustained by his memories and those of the people in the Argentinian provinces, saw clearly the economic struggle that transformed the gaucho from an independent owner of steer and steed into a mere hired man working on the big ranches.

Martín Fierro, for all the factual materials from which he rises strong and solid, breathing the very air of life, is not a historical figure. He comes from life yet transcends it as only a man born of the imagination can transcend it. Martín Fierro tells his own story in his own words. Only rarely does the author step in to round out the narrative. His language then is native to him and to his class, at least so far as it is represented in literature. The traditional verse form of the pampa minstrels was used by rustic poets and sympathetic city-bred men. Mr. Walter Owen translates that difficult idiom into the poetical rhetoric of the nineteenth century, thus dissolving the magic of that rustic speech into standard English. Consequently we read with great ease the adventures and the homespun saws of the protagonists; but we lose, unfortunately, those qualities inherent in the scabrous lingo of the pampa.

M. J. Benardete.

The Story of Relief

Spending to Save, by Harry L. Hopkins. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 197 pages. $1.50.

On May 22, 1933, there came into existence one of the most remarkable of the many organizations established by the Roosevelt administration. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration was based upon the acceptance of a principle rejected by the outgoing Hoover government as well as by all governments that had preceded it, federal responsibility for the care of the destitute. During the forty-three months of the depression that had elapsed since the official opening of the depression on the New York Stock Exchange, a vast sea of misery had beaten on the resources of the local communities and the states, undermined them, dissolved such supplementation as had been made available through the R.F.C., and continued to mount to unprecedented levels. When President Roosevelt signed the bill creating the F.E.R.A. and placed Harry Hopkins in charge of it, the federal government immediately became the principal financial reliance of the destitute, and the plans and regulations formulated in Washington the guiding principles in their care. Extending relief remained more or less a local and state affair, for it was in them that the relief offices were located and staffed.

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In "Spending to Save" Mr. Hopkins offers a persuasive defense of the work he has directed. He has spent $6,000,000,000 and has had as many as 20,000,000 individuals under care at one time. With amusing ingenuity he has devised ways and means of putting a proportion of them to work for their own benefit and that of the communities in which they lived. And yet with all his effort and money, he confesses: "We have never given adequate relief."

After three and a half years of fumbling around Mr. Hopkins has very definite ideas on the subject of relief, most of which are commonplace to the readers of this journal. He emphasizes the correlation between low living standards and high relief rates. The existence of mass poverty in America has, he believes, been dramatized by the relief program. And the possibility that there will be a considerable standing army of able-bodied unemployed for some years to come is freely conceded.

Mr. Hopkins is a highly intelligent relief administrator. Of that there is small doubt. Where doubts do arise is when he dogmatically asserts the superiority of W.P.A. over the discarded F.E.R.A. system; when he states that a permanent work program must be a part of the American scene; and when he argues that, in spite of his version of the relief program of the immediate future, the present institutional controls are sufficiently flexible to allow for the eventual absorption of all the relief recipients, the unemployed and the young workers constantly coming on the labor market. In the final analysis, Mr. Hopkins, in spite of the extensive knowledge of mass poverty his job has brought him, remains a Roosevelt New Dealer. His fundamental failure is to face the consequences implied by a realistic analysis of prospective employment opportunities in the United States, given no essential modifications of the existing set-up.

C. Hartley Grattan.

Disraeli's Youth

Young Mr. Disraeli, by Elswyth Thane. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 345 pages. $3.

THIS novelized biography tells the story of Benjamin Disraeli's young manhood, from his twenty-first to his thirty-fifth year. Much of it is told in Disraeli's own words, in excerpts from his diaries, letters, novels and political pamphlets. What we have here is the life of Disraeli seen from his own point of view; we see him as he saw himself, we learn his motives as he was conscious of them. Even from this most favorable standpoint, these motives are seen to have been primarily of a self-regarding nature; inordinate ambition was the mainspring of his character. That notwithstanding this predominant trait, the novelist succeeds in capturing and holding the reader's interest in her hero from the first page to the last, testifies to her skill and fine artistry as well as to the presence of other and more attractive traits in the man; the sketch by D'Orsay and the portrait by Grant, which are reproduced in the book, present the face of a poet and thinker. In many respects, Disraeli reminds one of Ferdinand Lassalle, the German socialist leader, who has been the hero of novels in several languages—in physical and mental endowment, in dandyism, love of distinction, lust for power, extraordinary oratorical ability. But the German Jew cherished much higher aims, to which he subordinated his personal ambition; and with smaller social advantages, he really achieved more than Victoria's Prime Minister.

Herman Simpson.

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Books in Brief

Gómez: Tyrant of the Andes, by Thomas Rourke. New York: William Morrow and Company. 336 pages. $3.50.

AT HIS death in 1935 at the age of eighty, Gómez, the fabulous dictator of Venezuela, was credited with having acquired one of the greatest fortunes in the world, besides ninety-six known bastard children by several dozen mistresses, the most perfect dictatorship in the world and a treasury surplus unique in a world of unrelieved deficits. Traced backwards from the particular biography of Gómez, the general pattern of Venezuela's turbulent history is dramatized by Thomas Rourke with effective focus on its popular aspects. It is a compelling technique for the historian, and the author, a novelist who has been an engineer for oil companies in South America, has brought to it compatible qualities of observation, research and imagination—indispensable equipment where the task meant uncovering what had remained, during the twenty-seven years of Gómez' power, a Dark Age of modern history. Three million Venezuelans held their breath for two days after his death, waiting to convince themselves that the "invulnerable" Gómez was not going to turn up again; then, indifferent to the first slaughter that greeted them, they systematically tore apart the jails that had housed his enemies and the palaces open to his friends.

C. F.

Sherston's Progress, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This book comes as a sequel to "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" and continues Sherston's experiences up to the close of the World War. Having accused the British government of deliberately prolonging the War, Sherston is promptly classed "mentally unsound" and sent to a hospital. "Recovering," he is drafted to the Near East, ending up in the concluding months of the War with a scalp-wound in France that sends him home again. But by this time he has submitted to the War and is anything but the Sherston whose accusation was read in the House of Commons. The reason for this change of heart is the theme of "Sherston's Progress." The descriptive writing in this book is very good, but the soliloquies and philosophy are not helped by the constant insertion of unnecessary, bracketed comments that check the narrative and introduce a self-conscious note.

R. V.

The Best British Short Stories: 1936, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

In briefly considering the general effect of the British O'Brien, the American volume offers something to measure by. This year the American stories seem fresher but the British are written with greater skill. The essential spirit of most of the English stories is one of defeat or death. The tired people in the first story—"The Mill," by H. E. Bates—set the mood for the volume. And the characters in the other pieces are worn-out revolutionaries, aging tourists, outcast peddlers, industrial victims—one of them is even the ghost of a soldier. All the misery and consumption and death far outweigh the people who face life with life. Yet on the whole, because of its technical superiority, the British volume seems the better one this year. Though as usual you can wonder how most of the stories ever crashed a "best" collection, there is nevertheless very good work by Bates, Michael Sayers and Eric Walter White.

H. T. M.

Contributors

WALDO FRANK has finished the first draft of his new novel, which may be ready for publication next autumn.

SLATER BROWN has been a member of the editorial staffs of The New Republic and The New Masses, and is now living in Putnam County, New York, observing the election from a hilltop.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is taking a year's leave of absence from Chicago to serve as visiting lecturer in Political Science at Williams College. He is working on a second edition of his book, "International Politics."

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS is the distinguished Kentucky novelist, author, among other books, of "The Time of Man," "The Great Meadow" and "He Sent Forth a Raven."

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER, author of "The Ironic Temper: Anatole France and His Time" and translator of Malraux and Aragon, teaches at the University of California.

M. J. BENARDETE is a member of the Romance Languages department of Brooklyn College. With Angel Flores, he edited a collection of essays entitled "The Anatomy of Don Quixote," published by the Dragon Press.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN will shortly depart for Australia on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation to travel and study for a book. His new one, "Preface to Chaos," was published October 26.

HERMAN SIMPSON is familiar to readers of The New Republic for his criticism in the fields of history and Marxist theory, of which he has long been a student.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Calvin Fixx, Richard Vaughan and Harry Thornton Moore.

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